# The Wellesley Magazine

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# THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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## MASQUE OF NINETY-SIX.

PERSONS.

NINETY-SIX . . . . . S. Virginia Sherwood.
GUARDIAN SPIRIT OF NINETY-SIX . . . . . Elizabeth Starbuck Adams.
ALMA MATER . . . . . Elva Hulburd Young.
SPIRIT OF KNOWLEDGE . . . . . Joanna Stoddard Parker.
SPIRIT OF ASPIRATION . . . . . Emily Hunter Brown.

*(Part written by Mary Hefferan.)*

SPIRIT OF MIRTH . . . . . Augusta Hunt Blanchard.

*(Written by Mary McLean.)*

PORTER (examinations) . . . . . Belinda Bogardus.

College Chorus and Spirits of Friendship, Hope, and Happiness.
World Chorus and Spirits of Love, Service, Ambition, and Pleasure.

SYNOPSIS.

Ninety-six in the world looks through the gate of the "College Beautiful," and is attracted by the white blossoms within. She is deterred from entering by the allurements of the World Spirits, but finally through the influence of her Guardian Spirit is led to knock at the gate. The Porter admits her and ushers her into the presence of Alma Mater, who welcomes her and gives her in charge of Knowledge. Knowledge wearies Ninety-six, whereupon the Guardian Spirit brings in Mirth, who cheers her, and gives her over to Hope, Happiness, and Friendship. Aspiration now leads her back to Knowledge, whom she reveals as Truth. Ninety-six is then led through the garden back to Alma Mater, who gives her the cap and gown, and sends her forth with the Spirits of the "College Beautiful" into the World.

## WORLD CHORUS.

### LOVE.

From the world's great heart of love we come
  In a cloud of crimson light;
'Tis the song of life we sing to thee,
  Thou child of radiance bright.
Oh! life and love are one alway;
  Joy's messengers are we;
Then haste away with us, we pray,
  Where true love waiteth thee,
  Where true love waiteth thee.

### SERVICE.

In the world of love there is service sweet,
  There are burdens glad to bear:
'Tis the song of toil we sing to thee,
  Thou child of courage rare.
Oh! work is good through the livelong day,
  And spirits brave are we;
Then haste away with us, we pray,
  Where service waiteth thee,
  Where service waiteth thee.

### AMBITION.

For the strong of heart wise honor waits
  To crown the deed well done.
We call to thee from the world of fame,
  And sing of victory won.
Oh! time is swift, and we may not stay;
  On the wings of the wind we flee;
Then haste away with us, we pray,
  Where glory waiteth thee,
  Where glory waiteth thee.

### PLEASURE.

There's a time to work, and a time to play,
  And a time to dance and sing:
We are born of mirth, and we laugh alway,
  While the silver echoes ring.
Oh! the world is fair, and blithe, and gay,
  And free from care are we;
Then haste away with us, we pray,
  Where pleasure waiteth thee,
  Where pleasure waiteth thee.

JOSEPHINE BATCHELDER.

SPEECH OF "WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE" TO NINETY-SIX.

*Wisdom* (to Alma Mater, who brings Ninety-six to her) :—

Kindly spirit of Wellesley, guardian of maidens, I am pledged to your service as you are pledged to mine. In fealty I ask it, What do you require of me?

*(Alma Mater places Ninety-six in the care of Wisdom and Knowledge.)*

*Wisdom* (to Alma Mater) :—

You do well and fittingly;
Bring mystery to mystery.
Wisdom covers with a veil
Her own face,
Lest men, while hastening by, should read
In her eyes too sad and strange a tale.

But over a maiden in whose eyes
Is truthfulness,
Uncovering and unafraid,
A mystery not veiled, yet ever lies.

*(To Ninety six, who here and at other times exhibits perplexity or weariness.)*

Nay, nay, I do not speak in riddles at all times. I will tell you now what you have come to know, and plainly withal. You have attained to the domain of Alma Mater, and you pause to consider your ways. Outside the garden is the world which you have left for this; but the World Spirit has entered with you. If you will serve this spirit, then leave me. She will tempt you with offers of many gifts; from me you can take but few. Yet, weigh this well. The gifts of the World Spirit are old with use. Mine are essence of youth, and they are yours to use or no one's.

*(Ninety-six appears to prefer the flowers to further conversation.)*

Be patient, Ninety-six. See them at once, then, while I tell you what they are. Four in all; but look at them one after the other; you can see them only so.

The first you will not covet. You gain it, you know not how, in the long first year of new ideas. You reach for them eagerly enough, but you are baffled by them, too. They fit in with each other by no means well. You can put them to no use. You have a lock with an ill-fitting key, and

you wear out your soul for a while thinking you will open something and get farther. You do get on, but as the weeks go by you may not think so; for the new ways inside the garden come to seem like the old, and the lessons and the people take their old places in your mind. There is a difference, though. Some old, dear things are gone, and the loss haunts you. Underneath the rush of indifferent happenings there are pauses. You hear an undercurrent at odd, quiet times,—the persistent echo of a childhood song you have murmured to yourself many a time.

Put away the gift, girl. It is worth noting, but there are others. Be discontented with old gifts, else you will never have new.

Here is as vigorous a bud as heart could wish. The year will pass quickly in which you win this second gift. A brave year, and unaccountable. The flower is hardly open, you see, even to me. Wisdom herself hesitates to say whether it holds the plan of a Napoleonic campaign or the composition of a sonnet. There is nothing you cannot do at this time, and nothing you will not try. And why not?

Have I not said that my gifts were essence of youth? There will be times when you will know that the world is old, but know first that it is young.

Be still a little longer, Ninety-six. Here is another to see. This one is open to the light, each single stamen plain; the shape defined. To gain this third gift you will take care that nothing shall exist for you without reason. You make the crooked ways straight. You define shadows. You call to account a thousand and one moods and likings; you determine the causes of constitutions, and the reasons for the cobwebs on the grass; you question the possibility of a moral Absolute and the artistic value of the winged "Nike." At last, the gift is won! You can prove beyond dispute that all your pretty little fancies and spontaneous ideas have faded away as the gray of oak leaves in the strong green of May, and that you have become that wonder of the earth, a rational creature! You show then, if ever, that you are likely to be useful in this work-a-day world. Alma Mater is glad to see this. You are absorbed in accounting for the universe, and you do not undertake so enthusiastically as heretofore the regulation of her domain; yet you find out that she, too, is accounting for the universe, and recognize the common bond. You scrutinize her, and find that you are friends. Yes, in

more ways than one this third gift makes you convenient to the general order of things.

And now, Ninety-six, you have your last flower. It is the rose of pleasant memories. You find possibilities of the garden that you have never suspected. You look into the face of Alma Mater, this time wistfully, and find that she understands you. You turn once more to the world outside the garden, but this time, Ninety-six, with a question which is not answered. Look into the garden again, child. You know it so much better now, you have a right to it. You know the very feeling of the ground under your feet when it throbs with life at the beginning of the year, or grows tense with anxiety in the careful winter. You know the dewy odors of growing grass at nightfall, of the pines and *arbor vitæ* in the morning sunshine, of the shrubbery in meadow and marsh. You know it from all the hilltops, and turn back to it on your farthest rambles as a landmark. [Do you suppose you will always do that?] There is ——

Why, the child is asleep! Ah, well,—Wisdom before this has spoken to ears that hear not.

JOANNA S. PARKER.

SPEECH OF THE SPIRIT OF MIRTH TO NINETY-SIX.

*The Spirit of Mirth* (leading out dance of college spirits) :—

Follow, follow, follow,
Over hill, over hollow!
Happy spirits we, and glad;
Naught we ken of hard nor sad;
Dance we ever, dance with glee,
Life was made for jollity.
Summer breezes, laughing skies,
Mists that o'er the blue waves rise,
Nodding grasses, blossoms fair,
Glint of sunshine everywhere,—
List, oh, list their message gay:
All the earth keeps holiday!
Children of bright joy are we;
Life was made for jollity.
Haste, then, haste! A child of earth
Waits to hear our song of mirth.
Over hill, over hollow,
Follow, spirits, follow, follow!

*(Mirth discovers Ninety-six asleep, tired out by knowledge.)*

Waken, oh, waken, fair daughter of the red, red rose! We have watched your face grow sad, and your heart wax weary as our grave sister spirit spun her somber thread of fact before you. We wanted to run away long ago and rescue you, but we are very busy spirits, at the beck and call of every one within the "College Beautiful," and we could not come before. But cheer up, now that we have come, dear Rose maiden! There is no need to be sad when all the world is full of mirth and sunshine. Never mind knowledge,—you can get along very well in this merry place without facts,—you need only fancy, and frolic, and fun, and we bring all three to your aid. Take us for your fellows, and the "College Beautiful" becomes in very truth a world of gladness. We will tell you many secrets, and bring you many playmates, old and young, high and low, but all the gay of heart. Even in that august body who are supposed to be the ardent worshipers of gray-gowned knowledge, and whose grim-visaged porter bade you enter here,—even there are many who wear the magic seal of the mirth spirits, and claim kinship with us, in spite of solemn council and academic rule. Indeed, our merriest comrade sits within that secret chamber; but now we come from fashioning her latest plan, accomplishing her mirthful purpose with all our spirit-strength. And there are many of our band everywhere. There are the Daffodil maidens,—for you must know that only the flower spirits dwell herein,—ninety-seven of them, clad all in yellow gowns, with the spring and the sunshine in their hearts. They will be good to you, Ninety-six, particularly so; it's their peculiar characteristic. They will keep all your secrets—better than you can yourself—even as to what kind of a "Legenda" you are going to publish. They will only announce that in class-meeting! They wouldn't tell it for worlds!

They will never accuse you of any faults, Ninety-six,—not even of stealing the historic spade from the shadow of the white pine tree they call their own! They never do such things; they never make mistakes. They are philanthropic, too, Ninety-six. They keep the little Narcissus maids when the naughty Cornflowers come to trouble them. No other flower spirits ever did such a thing, Ninety-six, but that was all the kinder of the Daffodils: they really established a precedent in—athletics on the stairs in the one-thirty

period. They like establishing precedents, these jolly Daffodils, who want to dance till twelve o'clock—and not with Daffodils!

They are very susceptible, Ninety-six. Don't refuse them too many things, or they may fall in love with you, and send you a beautiful great May-basket of their own, their very own flowers. If they should, Ninety-six, be sure you don't thank them for it. They are modest, very; they will probably write you an official letter if you send them any thanks and disclaim the credit of the deed. They don't like being thanked; it's entirely too conventional.

Heigh-ho, Ninety-six! I'm sure you'll like these jolly good Daffodil maids who wait to welcome a new flower spirit within their gates. Behold, at my bidding their herald comes.

*(Mirth calls out the Spirit of the Daffodils.)*

Daffodil, Daffodil,
Hither to me!
Greet the Rose maiden
Cheerily.
Welcome her gladly,
With heart a-thrill!
Child of the springtime,
Fair Daffodil!

*(Dance of the Daffodils, led by the Daffodil Spirit and Mirth.)*

*The Spirit of Mirth* (turning to Ninety-six) :—

Will you not come, Ninety-six? The Daffodils bid you welcome, the mirth-spirits call, and still other playfellows wait for your choosing. Another flower spirit, swift with laughter and fun, dwells within these gates. Gay and glad is she as the blue skies that stretch above her own flower-starred meadows. Half wise, half foolish is she, always aiming "starward," but always being brought back to earth with the emphasis of necessity. She is the daughter of the full midsummer glory—the spirit of the Cornflower, rich with the bloom and the beauty that foretell the harvest to be. She is true friend of the mirth children; boon comrades are we. Many a good time have we had together; through many frolics have the mirth spirits piloted her, safe, and merry, and sound. She is noted among the maids of the College Beautiful for several virtues, Ninety-six, as well as much jollity. She is of

unexceptional lung-power. She always "gets her center" when she shouts —usually the first-floor one! She did it so well last year that Elocution was taken off the list of requirements for Cornflowers. That never happened before, Ninety-six. She is a genuine "dig," is this pretty blue Cornflower. Spades are always trumps in her hand when she gives card parties on the campus, and she plays a winning game. Moreover, she is diplomatic. The conflict of sophomore reception and election night presents an emergency to which she alone would be equal. Take counsel of her, Ninety-six. No quorum—no election. Class meeting at 4.15, from which everybody is providentially kept away. No quorum—no election. And the right president receives the freshmen with éclat, and the reception is a grand success, though the heavens frown vengeance on the wicked genius of the naughty Cornflower maids.

They are very naughty maids sometimes, Ninety-six. They bother the Narcissus children dreadfully, and keep their constitution out of council meeting a whole long week. Shall I tell you a secret, Ninety-six? We mirth spirits did the whole business, but the Cornflowers never knew it! They thought they did it themselves, but they'd have been nowhere without us! They got the blame, though! Nobody ever blames us—we're only fairies, and haven't a moral sense. We don't indulge in a conscience; and, between you and me, neither do the Cornflowers. At least nobody ever suspects them of it, and it never shows.

They are modest little sprites, these gay blue Cornflowers. They have a novel conception of the universe. They think it has its center in a Cornflower, and revolves for her especial benefit. This may be illustrated by the remarks casually overheard on the morning that the gift of the new chapel was announced.

I was wandering about the halls,—for the Spirit of Mirth keeps her own appointments as she pleases,—and I heard rejoicings on every side. Black-gowned seniors grasped each other by the hand, and shook hearty appreciation of the blessing to come; jolly juniors shouted the good news lustily; even timid freshmen lost their shyness, and shook hands publicly with the President on that gala day. But the Cornflowers were happiest of all. "Isn't it beautiful?" said one to the other. "Think of a new chapel for Ninety-eight's commencement!" But oh, Ninety-six, be not dismayed!

The new chapel is really to be used for other purposes than that of graduating '98! That was not the main article in the deed of gift.

Truly half wise, truly half foolish—but altogether jolly and full of good-fellowship—are these merry sprites of blue. Very hearty will their welcome be,—and yonder one comes to greet you, Rose maiden, in name of college and class, she but waits my summons now.

*(Mirth calls out the Spirit of the Cornflowers.)*

Flower o' the corn,
Of the summer born,
Haste when the spirit calls.
With greeting gay,
Bid away, away,
Where thy fairy footing falls.

*(Dance of the Cornflowers, led by Cornflower Spirit and Mirth.)*

*The Spirit of Mirth* (turning again to Ninety-six, who is much interested) :—

Still lingering, Ninety-six? Do not hesitate. Come with us, and "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Yet one more sprite shall bid you welcome to the joys of the College Beautiful. You will not resist her, I know. She is our youngest and fairest of flower maidens, clad in the white and green that symbolize her innocence and youth. She is devoted to the Daffodils, this Narcissus maid, who chose the spirit of that pure white flower for hers because it belonged to the same family as the golden-hearted spirits whom she dared adore. This devotion is the great safeguard of Narcissus, for it keeps her from following the old tradition of her family, and prevents us from losing her altogether. The first Narcissus, you must know, the founder of all this branch of the family, was most beautiful,—note family resemblance still,—but absolutely devoid of the feeling of love. One day, however, Fate overtook him; and seeing his own image in a well, straightway he fell in love with himself, and leaning over to approach the loved reflection, he fell in and was drowned,—a fact which the family have lamented ever since! The fear of like untimely accident to the present holder of the title caused great care to be taken by the authorities to keep the Narcissus maidens away from the lake: hence the unusual postponement of Float!

This tradition also partially accounts for the tie between the present Narcissus spirits and the Daffodils. It is keeping affection in the family,—a strong argument in favor of most things with these conservative souls.

Speaking of Float, if you should ever chance to be absent from crew-practice, Ninety-six, be a little careful as to whom you ask to take your place. The crack members of the senior crew are obliging, but busy; they may not always be able to substitute. One has already had to decline the privilege of rowing on scrub-crew No. 3. Better be wise, Ninety-six. The Narcissus maids are a bit forgetful at times, but their intentions to be good to the seniors nobody ever doubts.

You will have much in common with these little white maids, Ninety-six. They, too, are somewhat new to the joys of college life; it has not yet lost its *fresh*ness for them. And having done all the proper things so recently themselves, they will be able to help you greatly, Ninety-six, when once you, too, have thrown care to the winds and taken upon you the sign and the seal of mirth. But yet you must not follow too closely in their ways, Ninety-six, or you will make mistakes. For instance, it will be well for you to remember that the first row of seats in the Faculty Gallery is not reserved for the freshmen on Flower Sunday. The Faculty usually come to chapel themselves the first Sunday of the year.

It will also be well for you to think about organizing before the end of the winter term, Ninety-six. It hurries you so about Tree Day; and, really, the examinations do close before March when we have them on Monday! And by the way, Ninety-six,—though it's great fun, and nobody likes fun better than we do,—a word in your ear. The usual time for class meetings is not the one-thirty period; and the usual place is not the corridors and stairs. The class in Philosophy IX. nearly lost the functions of its understanding the day the Narcissus spirits met the Cornflowers, and came the tug of war.

Also, Ninety-six, you might jot down in your list of things to be remembered that the laundry is not on the Third Floor Center, although the present style of collars and cuffs do strongly resemble the mathematical emblems which grace the cases along its walls. No one would suspect you of thinking so, Ninety-six, but there are some people who are not familiar with mathematical emblems: evidently the mathematics cards are not yet out.

But you cannot go wrong, Ninety-six, if you follow the example of the Narcissus spirits in the ordinary courtesies of college society. Be sure to have your class president congratulate the members of the Faculty on their good luck in getting into Stone Hall. That is one of the first duties of the office. It should be done on the night of the sophomore reception, just as the member of the Faculty is about to leave.

Don't fail, also, Ninety-six, to hold your Tree Day committee meetings directly outside the rooms of your sophomore friends who like fresh air, and keep their transoms open. That is a time-honored custom, and one you must be sure to keep up. The rotunda of the boathouse is also a desirable place. The echo is of great use in spreading abroad your business. It is almost as good as the *New York Tribune* and the *Boston Transcript*, Ninety-six,—and the Narcissus maids advertise in them, and can recommend them for accuracy and detail.

And, Ninety-six, if you should ever need to plant a new class tree, be sure to have it carefully labelled. It is customary to leave the tag on for some forty-eight hours, for the convenience of all members of the College who may be interested. Be sure to have it plain, Ninety-six. We read one once that was very clear indeed. It said: "Ninety-nine! Horse chestnut tree!"

So, many kindred spirits await you, Ninety-six, and many good times open out before you, if you will but come. Time was when a maid still younger than Narcissus dwelt within the gate, but the personal equation was too much for her, and she vanished to the zero point. The fifth years always did make a good study in infinitesimals.

And one older, graver, staider spirit dwells herein. She has been here so long, however, that she has lost her youthful merry-making faculties, and refuses to dance and sing with the bonnie flower maids of the younger generation. It takes a very "special" occasion to bring her into prominence at all; even Ninety-six's Tree Day does not lure her to trip it on the light fantastic toe. But you will find her specially nice, all the same, Ninety-six, when you need a special service done or a special favor rendered.

But there, '96! I have kept you waiting too long for your blithe Narcissus welcome. Heed it well, Ninety-six,—heed it well,—and join hands and hearts with us all.

*(Mirth calls out the spirit of Narcissus.)*

Come, O Narcissus, spirit of light,
On the wings of the summer wind,
*Steadfast* and sure through a world so bright,
Leaving all care behind.
With a welcome glad to the maiden speed—
She lingers with wistful feet;
Tell her joy waits her hour of need,
And life is wide and sweet.

[*Dance of the Narcissi, led by Narcissus-Spirit and Mirth.*]

*(The Mirth Spirit leads away the chorus in a dance—calling to Ninety-six, who half follows, half falters as they go):—*

Follow, follow, follow,
Over hill, over hollow;
Gentle maiden, hither come,
Make with us your happy home;
Dance with us, and sing with glee,
Life was made for jollity.
Summer breezes, laughing skies,
Mists that o'er the blue waves rise,
Nodding grasses, blossoms fair,
Glint of sunshine everywhere,—
List, oh! list their message gay:
All the earth keeps holiday!
Come with us, and merry be;
Life was made for jollity.
Hope and Happiness await
Her who enters at our gate;
Friendship lingers at her side,
Blessing fares, whate'er betide.
Haste, then, haste, O child of earth!
Tune your heart to song of mirth.
Over hill, over hollow,
Follow, maiden, follow, follow!

MARY MCLEAN.

## COLLEGE CHORUS.

HOPE.

Strength ever increasing
And trust never ceasing,
Continual cheer,
True hope is here;

Hope quick to discern
The grace that hovers
Around present pain.
Come join in our living
And trustfulness gain.

*Chorus:*

The dreams of youth
To life invite us,
To work incite us,
Hope alway.
The joys of spring
And summer flowers
Make Nature ours,
Would they stay.
Her dreams of youth
To life invite us,
To work incite us,
Hope alway;
The dreams incite us
Hope alway.

HAPPINESS.

O'er Waban's blue shining,
On pleasure designing,
We glide without care;
For all life is fair
'Mong woods and green grasses.
Where health ever passes
We rest at our ease,
And always we're finding
New pleasures to seize.

*Chorus:*

FRIENDSHIP.

To friendship abiding
Our lives are all tiding
In our college home,
Or wherever we roam.
We know the deep pleasure,
The faith without measure
In some kindred mind,
Some heart that is willing
And quick to be kind.

*Chorus:*

MARTHA H. SHACKFORD.

## THE ODE ON TRUTH OF ASPIRATION TO NINETY-SIX.

Thou kneelest to me at last! Thou know'st me thine,
The endless searcher I, who kept
Thy hand in mine
When first the far-off echo crept
Of knowledge, happiness, and life divine
Upon thine ear; and thou, with half-harked soul,
To that inspiring strain
Did'st turn, and fain
Would'st enter here, thou too, and reach the rumored goal.

What heart hopes followed thee!
What spirits called to thee!
The merry world behind
Enticed thee, lingering, weary with thy part,
And, singing, bade thee find
How glad would be, and beautiful at heart,
Ambition, love, world-services of thine.
But thou unsatisfied
Did'st linger at my side,
With half-reluctant fingers touched on mine.

And then thou asked no promise but to know.
We led thee unto Knowledge, whose wisdom deep
Propounded unto thee, seemed hard to keep
Thy restless heart.
But now within thine eyes
Not Knowledge only, Truth, the question lies;
To thee, white soul, these, then, I show
That thou may'st see, and choose the better part.

One, a witless seeker after Truth,
A stumbler in the dark, his fellows clashing,
A soul strives on, forsooth,
With eager eyes, and outstretched hand, and dashing
The barriers away, he grasps the radiant star
Whose light he sees above him shining far.
He seizes fast, and lo!
The white star's heavenly glow
Is fading, dwindles out within his clasp;
The Truth of yesterday is false today,
With bitter thought from bitter heart he cries,
Crushing his worthless star within his grasp
Hurls, and away
In old unrest beneath the starlit skies.

And dost thou understand?
It is not that there is no Truth; even so
The Truth it is reveals
What Falsity conceals.
The star but proves a glowworm in his hand,
Beyond and yet beyond, eternal glow
Illimitable truths; and this, the strife
Of grief, and mist, and darkness, this is Life.
Yea, this is Life, and yet,—this is not all.

For one seeks farther, looking back to gaze.
All old, old thoughts
The old world heard, and kept as heritage,
Recording through the cycles what Life wrought.
Thus learned he Life's expression word and word,
And read the struggling dreams, the things that stirred
The new unreasoning mind
To wonder undefined,
That made men see, and think, and theorize.
And when he understood, and traced it out,
One answer to the old wide-questioning eyes,—
To-day's philosophy, to-morrow's doubt!
This bit is truth, and yet
What finger canst thou set
Alone, upon the final Thought of all?
This, too, is Life, and yet it is not all, not all.

One strives again, and brings
Upon the hearts of things,
Upon the depths of death and life, his touch.
In what he sees and hears
Lies the epitome of years.
The world repeats, new holds of old, thus much,
Clear light of mind reveals a mystery,
And Truth is Nature's self-consistency.

*(Aspiration forgets Ninety-six; pulls a rose to pieces in her hands.)*

I feel, I feel the pulses throbbing deep
Grow stronger here in life, weak there to seem
As lost, yet never quite. My power doth leap
To meet each unsolved problem fresh. Touch here
And I can curb Life's current, turn the stream,
Or stain it thus. (I cannot make it white!)
My finger there, 'tis death. Cool, firm, the hand
Upon the knife, and hid relations clear
Of part and part shall be revealed aright—
Like of this rose—and yet, and yet
All this is truth,—thine eyes are wet?
And for the rose?

We have not found thy secret out,
White rose.
Looking in thy heart to seek it out,
Sweet rose,
We have only bruised and hurt thee,
A thought to spend, and then—desert thee;
Life we cannot give back to thee,
White rose.

I cease; and hast thou understood?
Ah, white soul, know thou well this one first truth,
That Knowledge cannot compass nor endure,
That certainty conceals, none can be sure,
Yet in each one soul's limit the thread of Truth
Runs evermore, and links the good to good.
Scan close what then thou hast of Knowledge won
Within the light of Truth. Search deep thine own
True ideal self, and in that self alone
Work out thy life's activity, and in the world
Where now thou goest know it all is part.
The world exists for thee; build thou thy world
According to the best thou canst discern,
Then shalt thou ever live, forever turn,
My star set close above, my lamp before thee,
To greet the new experience joyfully,
Till, all complete, the gray veil drawn away,
In the clear light of heaven and thine own heart
Truth stands revealed alway.

MARY HEFFERAN.

## CLASS SONG, '99.

I.

Come, Ninety-nine, and singing,
Set all the echoes ringing
In praise of her we love so true!
Steadfast, our Alma Mater,
Shall be thy loyal daughter,
Faithful to Wellesley and the blue!
Long hours of work and pleasure,
Life filled to fullest measure,
All these and more we owe to thee;
Brightly thy mem'ry ever,
We can forget, no never,
Our Alma Mater, our Wellesley.

*Chorus:*

Wellesley forever,
Long may she live!
Loyal devotion to her we give.
Thro' summer's green and winter's white,
Ninety-nine shall be steadfast to dear Wellesley.

II.

At dawn or eventide,
Throughout the stillness wide,
Or when the wakened day doth call,
Steadfast, our Alma Mater,
Shall be thy loyal daughter,—
Steadfast and faithful through all.
When, the dear service ended,
Memories softly blended,
Bring back this happy, golden day,
Wilt thou, too, grant us dreaming
Thy love in truth and seeming,
Thy tender care o'er us alway.

CLARA W. BROWN.
ANNA E. WOLFSON.

## ORATION.

HAIL friends! A happy day to you! May our band of holiday-makers rest and chat with you awhile?

How delightful to be merry-making at last on this our Tree Day! And we have earned our rest, for hard has been our labor. On entering these gates last fall, we were each set to measuring off our red tape, with which we were bound down to hard grinding until February; then, feebly struggling, we were thrust into the "gently smiling jaws" of Wellesley Midyear Examinations. Since emerging therefrom we have sat in a reckless spirit of relaxation through these too-enticing spring days, anxiously discussing class officers, class emblems, and class plans.

But now cares are vanquished, and the day is ours. Permit us to improve the opportunity by introducing ourselves. Perhaps some of you have been thinking for several weeks that you knew us; but did you? Our disguise of to-day is not without significance. Merry-makers, you know, are always enthusiastic, but '99 earned that name soon after her class elections,

when one of the august Faculty described her as "the most enthusiastic for good and bad of all the classes Wellesley has known." On hearing this remark a friendly senior wonderingly inquired, "But where does the bad come in?" We make a deep bow to the Class of '96. In times past, '97 has proved a faithful ally, so probably she too considers us guileless. Our small sister '98, however, may not think the bad so non-apparent. She doubtless remembers how enthusiastically we dissuaded her from climbing "starward," by means of the gymnasium fire escape.

But let bygones be bygones! Realizing that we are somewhat impetuous, our tree we have chosen for its enduring qualities. Some of you may call this tree a "horse-chestnut"; others may even stigmatize it as a "buckeye"; but among the classic ranks of '99 it passes as the "*Æsculus Hippocastanum*." Our banner floats green and white—not the most enthusiastic shade of green, but Nile green; these two colors which, when placed side by side, convey, without the need of words, the idea of a pure and hopeful purpose. As the flower best fitted to aid us in this purpose, we adopt the narcissus, that dear flower which by its own white and green keeps our ideal constantly before us, while its tiny face ever bends to whisper words of encouragement. Lastly, in order that we may ceaselessly battle against our impulsive propensities, upon our hearts we have bound the watchword "Steadfast"— which, as we interpret, means steadfast in "being your ain sel'," steadfast in "letting the deed shaw," steadfast in working "starward."

JESSIE E. WAGNER.

## PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

'Tis with feelings of sorrowful surprise, '99, that we greet you to-day. Roused from our work by your uproar, we have left our quiet scenes of domestic labor and hastened to this spot to investigate the cause of your commotion. Short as is the time we can spare you from our duties, we feel that it will not be misspent if we take this last chance to arouse you to a realization of your position and a true sense of your duties and responsibilities. We have taken such a sisterly interest in you, '99, we looked forward to your coming with a pleasure which was almost too great to express when we welcomed you last fall; and to have the first expressions of our hospitality at our recep-

tion, a few modest hangings, so appreciated as to be carried off bodily by you, confirmed our hope that our friendship and example (?) would be a pleasure as well as a benefit to you. And at first we were not disappointed. All we saw and heard of you increased our first self-formed opinion of you, and we were glad and proud to have such a class take up the unspotted freshman mantle we had left it. But as time passed on, the droop of the mantle showed a stunted growth beneath; it dragged, and in sweeping along first floor corridors and up stairways, soon bore on its hem traces of duty deferred—work undone. The cause was a mystery. But the most satisfactory approach to a solution lay in the fact that in one little half hour in the chapel you were praised and encouraged. So we heard. So were we. 'Tis a way the mighty have. They cannot afford to discriminate, but in one's youth and innocence such encouragement may mean a great deal and in the wrong way; for from your own account of this important President's appointment, it has been too painfully obvious that you have acted on the supposed intimation that you had worked enough for one year—your first attempts being so superior. 'Tis this we deplore, '99, that after a year spent amid such beneficial influences, so permeated with inspiration, nay, instigation to labor, you should appear at its end as wrapt up in your play as you were at the beginning. 'Tis not the spirit we would object to. In its time and place we would honor it. In the beginning we tacitly understood and excused your need of relaxation in these forms, after such a violent sundering of nursery ties; but that a year of social and intellectual intercourse with maturer minds should present no higher, nobler field for the exercise of your exceptional energy, is a subject we will leave to your own counsel. Let us hope it may never reach the academic. But of this anon. Our present moments are all too few to admit of sufficient emphasis on the one fact of which we bear witness. Your interest and attention, '99, not drifting naturally toward the inspection of the bulletin boards, you doubtless have not noticed that lists in one department with reference to new courses for next year have not been published this spring. Owing to the scarcity of applicants to the courses already offered, in the grade of work done during the past year, the department will close. We do not feel it necessary to point out to you in what way you have been responsible in this action. Your lack of domesticity has been lamentable, but collegiate. We know,

too, that you contain among your numbers the college beauty, the champion pugilist, and the new woman—none of whom as leading influences resort joyously to the public use of such implements as these; but that we will not dwell upon.

The voice of your own conscience has been emphasized too often by your yellow mails. Too many of you, sad-eyed and dejected, have been seen frequenting the headquarters of the department. Whether your lack of success has been due to lack of effort or ability we do not pretend to say. We have felt that, taking the course ourselves, we might have helped you. But now that the opportunity has passed, we can only point hopefully to the future, for we have the greatest faith, '99, in the redirection of the concentrated energy that can perform half an hour's work in five minutes, and for the mental ability that can map out and carry through the work of a week in one day. So forget the past and this blot on your 'scutcheon. Give back your brooms and your dusters which you have used mostly for hoopsticks and drumstieks, '99, and plan your work for next year in different lines, with an earnestness born of attention to our few bits of advice. We know that most of you will pursue your studies in Mathematics with increased ardor, and we have hopes that you will show the same enthusiasm in your study of Bible II.: ability for the original work you have done in this line is not a thing to be lightly overlooked. Go on with your study of Christianity,—"that sort of fad which was popular at one time," or of "the irrational monotheists" who were "the teachers of humanity," or of the "Arabs whose ceaselessness caused them to be uneasy at home." But as one of you wisely remarked, "Where there is monotony there is religion." So the Bible department may not appeal to you. If not, do as one of your ancient peoples did, "who, finding no beauty in the natural surroundings, improved their minds and became philosophers." But don't work so hard as to neglect your sports. A freshman class that has defeated '97 in basket ball, and that has a crew of some thirty odd members, has a reputation to live up to. But learn before Float, '99, in which end of the boat the coxswain sits. Not that we would object to your varying the monotony then, as in previous times, by putting her in the wrong end, but to our admiring Yale and Harvard friends we fear it would be a trifle disconcerting. In your attempts to govern yourselves, '99, we feel that experience will be better than advice. Our first

efforts to be of any assistance to you in the Constitutional line were met so genially, with the aid of your Reception Committee upon the stairs, that we doubted the wisdom of turning subsequent meetings into such social gatherings, so have left you to yourselves. So that the need of protection which you so earnestly sought from headquarters was hardly necessary, and the information that our interest and aid in your welfare was to be discontinued was a blow to our philanthropic nature from which we have not yet recovered. Believe us when we say that our motives were the best, and do not in future feel it necessary to adjourn to the village to escape our kindly eye. Continue to have your ballots and the minutes of your meetings at our disposal, and we will not ask to attend in person, though the invitations to do so from your factotums have been enticingly urgent.

In preparing for future Tree Days, '99, do not ask the advice of all the other classes as to costume. You must remember that though they are glad to know these little matters, they have enough to do in attending to their own. And such data as your class symbols are supposed to be kept a secret; whereas your colors, so freshly symbolical of your young natures, could hardly have been a surprise after you had borne them so openly all the year. In the choice of your flower you have shown great discernment. We fear it is highly probable that you, too, would faint away at the sight of a true reflection of your own image. Hence, the kindly lack of portrayal of many prominent features of your physiognomy on this occasion.

The appearance of your tree, '99, in a one-horse cart, its label fluttering in the breeze, and its subsequent erection in its lowly and sequestered nook, need not be dwelt upon—it is a chestnut. Our only regret, '99, shared by the College as a whole, is that after the care which has been taken all these years in the selection of only the finest trees of every kind to beautify the grounds, you should have added to the collection your little one-horse chestnut. But in its growth and development we have the same hope which we have for the class which chose it. Entering upon your course, '99, at such a time, with a playhouse to cheer the moments of leisure which heretofore have been devoted to the use of the brush and broom, with a Gothic cathedral to dignify your exit, protected and chaperoned when possible by her who ever espouses the cause of the helpless and ignorant, with '96 to teach you division of labor, '97 to guide you through the mazes of elections,

and '98 to show you how to study,—what more do you want? Only this talisman, which brought success. It has grown blunt by long use in our service; see that it does not grow rusty in yours. So come up and take it, '99; it is better that you should rise than that we should stoop, and here is our hand with it, always ready to help you to "hitch your wagon to a star," and keep it there.

BETTY SCOTT.

## RECEPTION OF SPADE.

GOOD advice, they say, is always in season except on a holiday; but '98 evidently thinks it is especially seasonable on a holiday. I wonder if this indicates that her greatest pleasure consists in giving advice? But however it is, we appreciate to the fullest her kind intentions toward us. For her kindness throughout the past year, and for this spade with all its associations,—its connotative force, so to speak,—we thank her most heartily.

Now, who but a sophomore would expect a poor little freshman, after a hard year's work,—for we have worked, oh! so hard,—to be sober and sedate on her first Tree Day? Ninety-eight is like a certain small boy who was much interested in the intellectual development of his baby sister. One day he said, "Mamma, isn't it about time for little sister to talk?"

"Yes; she will begin soon."

"Well, little sister, say bookcase."

That is the one failing of '98, otherwise faultless; she wants us to say "bookease" the very first thing.

But if history does not lie, she herself was not always the sober, industrious creature of to-day. Who hasn't heard of a certain famous game of cards played in her freshman days? Of course it was a straight game; but what is the meaning of this ace of spades which she has concealed in her sleeve ever since?

Yes, perhaps we do like to play; but when we work, we work with a will. *Zum Beispiel*, we worked very hard on our constitution. We labored under difficulties, pressing difficulties. Ninety-eight, pausing for an instant in her intellectual labors, kindly but firmly invited herself to assist at the impressive ceremony of electing a committee. We as kindly, but as firmly,

declined with thanks. Ninety-eight yielded to our superior arguments, but only after several of her members, occupying reserved seats on the fire escapes, were forced to succumb to very strong appeals to their understanding.

Base slanderers have dared to insinuate that '98 was impelled by selfish motives; that her great interest was due to the fact that she was expecting to remodel her own constitution after ours—as she afterwards did. But she must have found that little bill of ten-fifty a rather steep price to pay for a few suggestions on the Australian ballot system.

Ninety-eight's industry, we must all confess, is surpassed by her unselfishness. That pride of her heart, the best crew on the lake, must find it hard work pulling their boat around, especially when the freshmen are enjoying one so much better. But then, you know, '98 loves to work.

Genuine worth is always associated with modesty. What class but '98, excelling as she does in the class room and on the athletic field, would have dared to designate the heavens themselves as her destination? Starward! There shines the real genius, the true modesty of our elder sister. We cannot imitate her; we can but admire from afar off. And as we see her rising higher, higher in her glorious career, while we strive to be "steadfast" to our own humbler ideals, we can express our wonder and awe only by those sublime words of the poet,—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

CLARA W. BROWN.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### GÖTTINGEN SHOPKEEPERS.

AMONG the many interesting features of Göttingen, aside from its university life, is one which, to the uninitiated, is generally an object of extreme irritation until, by the help of his humor, he gradually succeeds in getting a good deal of fun out of it—I mean the character of business transaction in Göttingen. There are quite a number of experiences with the tradesmen here which, after time has taken the sting out of them, are pleasant to be remembered; let me tell you just a few of them.

A lady orders stockings to be made at the principal hosiery store here, and, since she is very particular and wants them to fit exactly, she leaves a sample stocking behind. When she gets them they prove to be two inches too short in the foot, and about that much too wide. She takes them back in wrath to the manufacturer, and reproves him accordingly; but he informs her that, since the inches lacking in the length of the foot are added to its width, everything is "allright."

Another lady buys union suits at the same place, and when, after trying them on, she finds out that the arms are too long, she sends them back to have ten inches taken off. Result: Same length of arms, with legs ten inches shorter.

A student of mathematics takes his notebook which contains marginal notes from the hand of Professor Klein to the bookbinder, and charges him not to cut off one scrap from the leaves. The man nods assent, waves his hand with an assuring *jawohl, jawohl;* but after some days the student gets his book with the edges neatly trimmed, and many of the marginal notes cut off. "Why on earth couldn't you do what I told you to," the exasperated youth shouts at the stolid master bookbinder. "Because," the man answers in quite a paternal tone of voice, "the book didn't look well enough with those pages overlapping; you wouldn't have liked it yourself." It is probable that henceforth the man will be less sure about the likes and dislikes of his customers, for the student made him search through all the cuttings in his workshop until he found the valuable strips, which with great trouble he had to paste on to his neatly trimmed pages.

You order a dress at your dressmaker's, giving her an exact description of the way in which you want your gown made, and, moreover, draw the costume for her (on paper). When you go to her for your first fitting, you again impress it on her mind that you want a very high collar, that you wish to have your skirt six yards wide, etc. But after taking all this trouble, you may be sure that when the dress is finished, the collar will be extremely low and the skirt but four yards wide. "You couldn't have worn the dress the way you wanted it," the dressmaker says; "nobody in Göttingen wears a dress like that." The way in which milliners, dressmakers, dry-goods merchants, try to reform your taste, is, on happy days, wonderfully amusing. They show you the clumsiest, ugliest things; you express your

dislike of them, but they assure you that they are all very *geschmackvoll*, *höchst fein*, *elegant*, *chic*, etc.,—terms which you find printed in their shop-windows, too, attached to hats, dresses, coats, and shoes.

Washington's birthday is to be celebrated with lemonade, sandwiches and ice cream, and the latter ordered to be delivered at six o'clock. It is eight, and you still wait for the cream. You send messengers to give the confectioner "particular hell," but your cream does not arrive until the clock strikes nine. Remonstrating with the Herr Conditor, the next day, he gives you the valuable information that at Göttingen parties cream never is served earlier than nine.

More harmless idiosyncrasies of my heroes may be illustrated by the following little experiences that read like anecdotes:—

The Bach passion music is to be performed, and I go into the one music store here to get a "Partitur"; *i. e.*, a score. "Partitur?" the man attending on me asks. "We haven't that, but you might take a Klavierauszug (*i. e.*, an arrangement for the piano) instead." "Well, give me one, then." "We haven't that either," the man answers, with a bland smile.

A young American who feels the evil consequences of sedentary life wants to buy a pair of Indian clubs, for exercise in his room. Since he does not find any in the stores he orders a pair at the turner's. He has great difficulty in making the master turner understand what he wants, but finally succeeds in sending an electric thrill of understanding through the man's brains; his face lights up, and he joyfully exclaims, "Ah, sir, I know now what you want—it's tomahawks!"

Somebody is anxious to get a birthday present at the jeweler's as speedily as possible. He finds the shop door locked, and a sign written on it, "Shall be back in five minutes." After ten minutes have elapsed, and the owner of the store has not put in his appearance yet, the customer writes on the sign, "*I* shall never be back!"

A whole series of amusing stories might be told about a woman, a born Göttingian, who supplies a privileged class of her fellow-citizens with vegetables, eggs, and occasionally with the latest town gossip. She keeps a nice store, a very curiosity shop, in the town; and on market days holds the most prominent place on the Marktplatz. She is a woman of character, has strong likes and dislikes, attaching herself with a mediæval loyalty to those

of her customers who never fall victims to tempting vegetables of other market dames, but scorn the butterfly natures who will go purchasing from one human market flower to the other. She does not at once drop the customers whom she has once or twice seen swerving from the path of her vegetable baskets, but only treats them with solemn seriousness, never greeting the infidel with her bland, broad, wet smile, her whole thick-set, stout, red personality being one large fat reproof. Woe to the person, however, who continues in the way of wickedness; he must expect sooner or later to be told in accents sharp and clear that Frau D.'s vegetables are not for the likes of him; that henceforth he must buy his greens from where he got them of late. So great is the awe which Frau D. inspires that even Americans feel it. A college graduate, for instance, who is keeping house at G., is so frightened at the mere thought of Frau D.'s stern face that, if she has wicked longings in regard to greens, she will make a laborious circuit to avoid being seen standing at the baskets of other market women. About closing her store Frau D. is more independent even than the jeweler. You never, for instance, can get her to sell you anything between one and three o'clock at noon, because at that time she nurtures sleep and digestion; nor will she attend to customers after sunset, for burning a lamp is against her principles.

These sketches, drawn from life, may suffice for the picture I wanted to give you of Göttingen trading habits. Do not imagine that this is all of it; there are quite a number of tradesmen even at Göttingen who are not possessed of any of these delightfully annoying peculiarities, who serve you as promptly and exactly as a well-regulated machine would; but their place, of course, is not in "literature."

M. Müller.

## EDITORIALS.

I.

Most questions of any interest to people generally, have two sides; a fact which it does no harm to point out even to the most vigorous striver for breadth of mind. So we humbly ask permission for a word on the "other" side of the discussion about the social life at Wellesley. There has been much said about the play which is to prevent the working Jack from becoming a dull boy,—and rightly, too. But there is another old saying which has grown out of truth just as truly as this one, and which can also find room for application among us at Wellesley: "A place for everything and everything in its place," is an old, though perhaps not a loved, friend to most of us. We come to college for four short years, all too short, it seems, from the standpoint of this parting season. And we come for what? Surely the intellectual training stands first and foremost on the list. If we want other things to take pre-eminence, there are other places open to us where they would rightfully do so. But here we come to work,—to lay foundations so strong and substantial that we can build upon them all the rest of our lives. And we work under influences of which we may never again be able to avail ourselves. We look or ought to look for results which only earnestness of purpose, steadfastness of aim, concentration of energy, can bring about.

Has there not crept in among us a tendency to overlook this serious side of college life, to emphasize, only in reaction, it may be, the other extreme? Of course we all want to keep young and lighthearted, "to be our ain selves," and get all the brightness possible out of life as we go. But there are ways and ways of doing that, and it becomes a question whether the best way here is not as different from that elsewhere, as the environment is different from that in other places.

II.

For three years, seven months and a half, or even eight months, we do not mind working. We may grumble here and there, but on the whole we would rather earn our diplomas with the sweat of our brows than without.

But there comes a time in one's college course when the grind of academic work seems a heavy burden of petty stuff needlessly imposed. This time is the spring of the senior year. In the preceding three years and a half, what must be to anyone who knows them the two most precious gifts of Wellesley to her students have become ours: a sympathetic relationship with our out-door world—none the less helpful because so few of us can express it—and deep friendships with fellow-students. We do not wish to undervalue academic work. Our training school has been of inestimable benefit in many ways. But, after all, we have devoted more time to books than to anything else, and if we have not yet learned to study, we cannot learn in the last term of the senior year. And at this time other things than study are uppermost. The sense of parting is already strong upon us,—parting from the college life, from the grounds, from the girls,—and we want a little breathing time here in the old environment; to see a little deeper in the meaning of college; to drink deeper of the strong, sweet cordial of our out-of-doors; to live in more constant fellowship with those who have shared and bettered what was best in our college lives. This is the time, of all the course, when we could best appreciate all that is good in college. The sense of the end has quickened realization. We could live months in those last few weeks. They could do something towards rounding off, so to speak, our college years, and the memory of their richness would bind us in after years to Alma Mater as only heart ties can bind. If the loyalty of her students be, as we think, a college's best capital, Alma Mater would do well to invest in the joy of living for her seniors. A little leisure would buy it for them.

III.

Instead of this, in years past, especially this year, what has been the case? At the time when the student about to leave Wellesley would be most keenly sensitive to all that had made college worth while, she has been tasked for brain work until she was half exhausted, and could chiefly long only for rest. For grounds and friends she has had only moments snatched from work. Or if she has rebelled against the routine that would absorb her, and lived with friends and grounds in spite of it, she has either slighted papers or worked all night. And who can blame her? The Academic Council may say it is the girl's own fault; that they do not require

of her more than she has hitherto carried; and that if she would work at the proper time, she could be good for something at Commencement. But love is stronger than reason, and experience has shown that the girl will insist, out of her perverseness, in seeing more of her friends than hitherto, and the extra time, since none is spared from her studies, must be taken from her sleep.

Men may be able to live all day and work half the night, and still be good for something other than a sanatorium. But girls cannot. It surely is no credit to Alma Mater to send out as results of her system, students as "frazzled" and as heavily ringed under the eyes as our seniors sometimes are. An exhausted woman is only half a woman. Might not a loss of rigidity in the last term's work be a gain to the College, if so the girl were helped?

IV.

Those who know all about the Barn Swallows, or care nothing about the matter, may skip to the next editorial. Let those who are interested, but scantily informed, read. The Barn Swallows is the name of our new club, to which every member of the College may belong who pays the annual fee of one dollar and signs the constitution. The object of the club is purely social: to give the girls a better chance to know each other socially, and to give everybody a chance to have a good time once a fortnight, without having to work hard for it. The officers of the club are a president, from the seniors; vice president, from the juniors; secretary, from the sophomores; a treasurer and a custodian from the members at large. These officers constitute an executive committee, who appoint the committees who furnish the fortnightly entertainments. The committee is new each time, and is appointed a month in advance. It is composed of two members from each class, and one member from the Faculty, post-graduates, or specials. No girl can serve on a committee more than once in two years. The entertainments can be anything the committees choose to decide upon: dances, charades, soap-bubble parties, living pictures, plays, musicales, pantomimes, etc.

We only organized in June, but already one hundred and eighty-eight students and three of the Faculty have joined, and a great many others will

join in the fall who could not come at the office hours held this month for signing. A good many Ninety-sixes joined for the privilege of being charter members. The committees for the first two entertainments have been appointed, and a plan prepared by which all the freshmen and first-year specials shall be invited to the first meeting of the club, and shall realize how badly they want to join it. Former students visiting at the College will be always welcome at the club.

V.

THROUGH a note in a recent number of the Magazine, request was made for the name and address of the president and the secretary of each of the various Wellesley Clubs and Associations, that these might be inserted in the Calendar for 1896–97. At present writing but three responses have been received. Will the secretaries of these organizations be so good as to send the desired information at once to Miss Mary Caswell, Wellesley College, unless they have already done so?

BEGINNING with October, 1896, the price of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE will be $1.50 a year, instead of $2.00, as heretofore. The price of single copies will be 20 cents.

## FREE PRESS.

I.

A VISIT to Wellesley does indeed reveal many changes in the outdoor world, but it is a sad mistake to class all these changes as bad. It seems fitting the good side of some of them should be presented to the alumnæ who have not had the pleasure of a recent visit to their Alma Mater. Any one who has shivered and then burned with malaria will not moan because the underbrush has been cut down in the swamp near the ice house. Let one suffer from this disease each year, and one realizes that health must be first. There is no true beauty in anything that menaces health.

The athletic field is as pretty as one could wish, with its beautiful, fresh green grass, and whether it be used for a garden or a basket-ball field cannot now mar the beauty of the view. As for the buttercups, there are millions left blooming brightly in the rest of the field.

To be sure, the meadow is crossed by a board walk that we do not deny is ugly, but the objectionable "long trail of earth" will soon be covered with grass and daisies as lovely as those in the meadow itself. That the meadow is passable except in the worst weather is not a true statement, for a rain of one night makes a pond under the oaks wide and deep enough to render crossing the meadow a nuisance; and in winter there is always enough ice under the oaks to make walking precarious. If the walk had been laid under these oaks, the fretting of the ice in winter, and the long-standing pond in spring, would soon have worked great havoc with it. The walk past Simpson is longer, and the average student prefers to take her strolls through Wellesley's beautiful grounds as she will, and not as the erratic swervings of a path require.

The gash in the "little hill" was unsightly at first, but even in this short time it is fast losing its ill looks. The sides have been sloped prettily and grass sown, and by next spring the cut will look as natural as any of Nature's cuts. What a scar was made on Cottage Hill when those houses were erected; but who calls the hill spoiled now! Let us remember that we must wait a while for time to test the changes. At least let us discriminate and think carefully before we arraign the good with the bad. Let us, as loyal alumnæ, give our praise to the man who has brought so many good changes to Wellesley.

ANOTHER ALUMNA.

II.

ARE the alumnæ interested in their Alma Mater? Apparently not, judging from a recent occurrence. Let me state my grounds for this conclusion, which, startling as it may sound, I feel must yet be true. Early in the year circulars concerning the election of a new alumna member to the Board of Trustees were sent out to about nine hundred and fifty alumnæ, and were met with a response from but four hundred! Where are the other five hundred and fifty? What are they doing that they cannot take five minutes' time to address an envelope and enclose their vote? This spring nine hundred and fifty ballots, bearing the names of two candidates, were sent out, and it is fair to presume that the same number will vote as before. Are we so engrossed with our duties in life that we really cannot give an

occasional thought to Wellesley, which we all used to love, and should love still, although we may have been long away from her? I trust that this article may appear in the May Magazine, and that it may appeal to the above referred to five hundred and fifty alumnæ.

A. S., '93.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—A. S., '93, desired that this article appear in the June number, if too late for May.]

III.

WITH regard to the Free Press article signed by "'97" in last month's Magazine on the subject of our social life at college, it seems to us that the writer's opinion is largely a true one, and that she has spoken in a very fair and impartial manner, which ought not to offend or antagonize any of us in the least. As "'97" recognizes, it is but natural and right that the bonds of a society should draw its members more closely together, by reason not only of their common work and sympathies, but of the stronger friendship that naturally follows their more intimate associations. But it certainly is true that members of societies are oftentimes a little more exclusive than these facts would seem to warrant. In some few cases—let us hope that they are rare indeed—it is lamentably true that a girl is judged, and her acquaintance cultivated, according to whether or no she wears a society pin, or some particular design of a society pin. But it is so easy to fall into careless, selfish habits in our busy college world, when in the little time we have for recreation or social pleasures we are almost certain to meet only those nearest friends with whom we are chiefly thrown, and to go outside of our own immediate circle of acquaintance to meet other girls half strange to us, means often real effort and self-denial. It is here that the writer differs from "'97." The remedy for "the lack of democratic spirit" among us is not "before we add another organization to our lists to make a few changes for the better in those we have already," but rather to organize one large, comprehensive club, open to all members of the College, which shall draw the girls together by its bonds of common interest as the society does its members. To such an organization as the Radcliffe "Idler," open to all who are willing to pay the small yearly dues necessary to pay the expense of its entertainments, no possible objection of "exclusiveness" or "untrespassable bounds" could be made; and it would do much, not only to dis-

courage cliques and foster a more truly democratic spirit among us, but to furnish to Wellesley girls some of the recreation and entertainment of which they so often feel the need.

SOCIETY MEMBER.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article was received before the Barn Swallows were organized, but it was thought well to publish it, notwithstanding. It is therefore inserted, with apologies to the writer.]

IV.

THE question has recently been asked me, "Can a girl go through Wellesley comfortably on five hundred dollars a year?"

Students who are anxious to enter are debating whether they can afford to try it with only this amount to depend upon. The young girl who asks this question will have her clothes and traveling expenses outside this sum, but wishes to make five hundred dollars cover her board, tuition, books, stationery, heavy laundry, class dues and pin, missionary and other subscriptions. She wants to be able to enter into the general life of the College, and not to feel shut out from the good times.

When we hear that the class boat costs into the hundreds of dollars, cap and gown more than ten dollars, class dues and social spreads and entertainments in proportion, it makes the girl who has to count not only her dollars, but her pennies, wonder if Wellesley is the place for her.

There must be many students who now, at the end of the year, can answer this question of expense.

It will be a help to many would-be Wellesley girls of the best kind if it can be frankly and fully discussed in the columns of the Magazine.

C. H. C., '84.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*The Daughter of a Stoic*, by Cornelia Atwood Pratt. New York, Macmillan & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

This little story has a particular interest for college girls. The heroine, who in fact is the book, is a very modern young woman, fresh with her bachelor's degree, and possessing a notable amount of the optimism and of that certain zest in living which may be said to characterize college girls as

a class, and the author shows distinct evidence of a similar character. The theme of the book is Arria's change of standpoint in viewing life; a change from the belief that pleasure is to be found in agreeably chancing circumstances, to where, in the end, "she saw, as she had never seen before, the verity of the axiom that life is a struggle. . . . To accept life as it seems to be, to take the destiny thrust upon us, is to cease to live. . . . O kind, brave, friendly world! It is good to fight. The breath of life is sweeter on our lips, existence is more serious, even more noble, when we see that it is warfare. We may war under false colors, but it is essential that we fight."

This central figure is so clever a study on the face of it, that it is to be hoped that it may help to furnish reassurance to those who fear the swamping of a girl's femininity by mental development. Arria, turning to study for the doctor's degree, is yet far from refusing recognition to all things outside the intellectual life. "'I think it must require a very wise, strong person to love and be loved as it should be done,' thought the girl dejectedly—'somebody wiser than I, at least. I am too stupid for anything but scholarship. It is far better that I should go back to it.'"

The other characters are sketched far less carefully and vividly than Arria, and serve only, like the slight incident, as a background for her development. The book is entertainingly written, although one could wish Arria had not said that Kirke had a "nice soul," and that objects had not been "glimpsed," and faces "envisaged." Nevertheless, it must take place as a clever sketch of a very distinct type of modern girl.

*The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame. Chicago, Stone & Kimball. Cloth, $1.00.

It is some time since such delightful little sketches of recent publication have come in our way as these in the pretty volume that Stone & Kimball have provided. There is the true childhood spirit in them, the romance and mystery of things usual, the absurdity of mischief and the delight of frolic, told with a tenderness and sympathy which yet do not take in the least from the humor. The children are charming without losing a grain of their thorough childishness. They run away with the neighbor's boat, terrify the house with alarm of burglars, or scrub a squirrel cage with a toothbrush,

necessitating that a brother's be borrowed for the rest of the year, just as healthy and ingenious boys are likely to do. Yet they do these things with such frankness and good fellowship, in such a sweet, fresh atmosphere of English lanes and meadows, and it is all told with such a light charm of style, that they have your heart before you know it. Whoever wishes a little volume for light summer reading that is a pleasure to the eye that cares for tasteful binding and typography, and brings a whiff of sunshiny meadow-scented air to the mind, will do well to look at this.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

THREE of the convenient little pamphlets of the Student's Series of Latin Classics come from Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston and New York: *The Adelphœ of Terence*, with notes and stage directions by Prof. William L. Cowles, of Amherst; *Fifty Selections from Valerius Maximus*, with notes and introduction by Charles Sydney Smith, A.M., of the College of New Jersey; and *Selections from the Letters of the Younger Pliny*, edited by Prof. Samuel Ball Platner, of the Western Reserve University.

Two volumes of the Students' Series of English Classics come from the same publishers (linen, 35 cents): Tennyson's *Princess*, with notes and introduction by Henry W. Boynton, M.A., of Phillips Academy, Andover; an interesting and valuable letter of Tennyson to Mr. S. E. Dawson, author of a monograph upon "The Princess," and some facts about Cambridge University and its colleges that shed much light upon English university life, are appended. Longfellow's *Evangeline*, with introduction and notes by Mary Harriott Norris.

*Les Miserables*, abridged and edited by Professor Sumichrast, of Harvard. Boston, Ginn & Co. Cloth, $1.00. This abridgment gives the story of Jean Valjean within the limits of a classroom text of three hundred pages. The unity is preserved by brief summaries of the excisions.

*Le Paten*, by François Coppée, with introduction and notes by Professor Sumichrast. Boston, Ginn & Co. Paper.

*Macaulay's Essay on Milton*, edited by H. A. Smith, Instructor in Yale College. Boston, Ginn & Co. Paper.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

At the Zeta Alpha reunion on Monday, June 22, the following honorary members were present: Anna Brown Lindsey, '83; Florence E. Soule, Grace Andrews, '89; Martha Conant, Mary Barrows, '90; Marian Perrin, Charlotte Sibley, Elizabeth Hoyt, Elizabeth Blakeslee Tracy, Myrtilla Avery, Amy Mothershead, '91; Clara Burt, Gertrude Smith, Kate Ward, Belle Morgan, Janet Davidson, '92; Gertrude Bigelow, Lydia Pennington, '93; Gertrude Angell, Julia Buffington, '94; Mary Field, Helen Dennis, Winifred Augsbury, Elizabeth Peale, Kate Nelson, Edith Jones, Grace Addeman, '95; Eliza Craig, Flora Luther, Cora Stewart, Mary Hazard.

May 23, regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society. In place of usual programme Miss Bates lectured to the Society on Shakespeare and Browning.

At the installation meeting of the Shakespeare Society the following officers for the coming year were installed: President, Florence MeMahon Painter, '97; Vice President, Geneva Crumb, '97; Recording Secretary, Helen Capron, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Florence Bennett, '97; Treasurer, Louise Loomis, '97; Keeper of the Wardrobe, Maude Almy, '98.

On Monday morning, June 22, the Shakespeare Society gave a breakfast to its alumnæ members. Among the alumnæ present were Miss Bigelow, Miss Conant, Miss Orton, Miss Wardwell, '91, Miss Bailey, '91, Miss MeDonald, Mrs. George, Mrs. Prince, Miss Lincoln, '93, Miss Hamlin, '93, Miss Lucas, '93, Misses Harriet Blake and Helen Stahr, of '94, Misses Christie Brooks, Alice Hunt, Grace Miller, Gertrude Wilson, Helen Kelsey, and Mabel Wellman, of '95. Mrs. Hume, Miss Freeman, Miss Kendrick, Miss Tufts, Mrs. Plimpton, and Miss Palen; Miss Knox, and Miss Hodgkins were also present.

The Phi Sigma Society held a regular programme meeting in Society Hall, Saturday evening, May 16. The following programme was given:—

SHELLEY AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.

I. Early Attempts at Practical Reform . Clara Shaw.
II. Shelley's Conception of Liberty . . Minnie Coolidge.
III. Music . . . . . Martha Dalzell.
IV. Shelley's Conception of Man . . Theresa Huntington.

Miss Curtis, '90, and Miss Stanwood, '94, were present.

A programme meeting of Society Phi Sigma was held Saturday evening, May 30, in Society Hall. The programme was as follows:—

SHELLEY AS AN ARTIST.

I. Word Pictures in Prometheus Unbound — Mabel Eddy.
II. Appreciations
To a Skylark . . . . . Elizabeth Hiscox.
The Cloud . . . . . May Serviss.
Ode to the West Wind . . . Sarah Doyle.
III. Music . . . . . Josephine Batchelder.
IV. Shelley's Lyric Art . . . . May Pitkin.

Mabel Davis, '90, Esther Bailey, '91, Bertha Longley, '94, and Grace Curtis, Special, were present at the meeting.

The Phi Sigma Society gave a breakfast to its returning members in Society Hall, on Monday morning, June 22, at ten o'clock. The following alumnæ members of the Society were present: Miss Bates, Miss Montague, Alice Clement, Grace Eastman, Geraldine Longley, Frances Lance, Martha Goddard, Helen Eager, Josephine Simrall, Bertha Longley, Marion Mitchell, Ethel Stanwood, May Cannon, Mabel Davison, May Pitkin, Elizabeth Stark. Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, Mrs. Harriet Scoville Devan, '83, Mrs. Mary Putnam Hart, Special, Effie Banta, Esther Bailey, '91, and Mary Hill, '93, visited the College during Commencement Week.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held May 23. The following programme was presented:—

The Social Problem as treated by
I. Tolstoi . . . . . Agnes Caldwell.
II. Tourgenieff . . . . . Adah Hasbrook.
III. Dostoievsky . . . . Martha Shackford.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held June 13. The following officers were installed: Elizabeth Evans, president; Edith Howland, vice president; Rebekah Blanchard, recording secretary; Helen Gordon, corresponding secretary; Katharine Wetmore, treasurer; Frances Hoyt and Margaret Wheeler, marshals. The following members were initiated into the Society: Eleanor Caveney, Louise Wetmore, '97, Agnes Bacon, '97. The

alumnæ members present were Mary Barrows, '90, Mrs. Lindsey, '91, Ellen Wall, '91, Cora Stewart, Marion Wilcox, '93, Lydia Pennington, '93, Edith Jones, '95, Elizabeth Peale, '95, Gertrude Smith, '95. A Society Reunion was held at 4 o'clock June 22. Miss Hefferan, '96, acted as toastmistress. The Society was glad to welcome back many of its old members. The following were present: Grace Andrews, '89, Mary Barrows, '90, Martha Conant, '90, Myrtilla Avery, '91, Mrs. Alfred L. Lindsey, '91, Mrs. Traey, '91, Elizabeth Hoyt, '91, Amy Mothershead, '91, Marion Perrin, '91, Charlotte Sibley, '91, Cora Stewart, Ellen Wall, '91, Clara Burt, '92, Janet Davidson, '92, Kate Ward, '92, Gertrude Bigelow, '93, Mary Hazard, '93, Lydia Pennington, '93, Gertrude Angell, '94, Julia Buffington, '94, Marion Canfield, '94, Graee Addeman, '95, Winifred Augsbury, '95, Helen Dennis, '95, Mary Field, '95, Cornelia Huntington, '95, Edith Jones, '95, Kate Nelson, '95, Elizabeth Peale, '95, Gertrude Smith, '95, Eliza Craig, '97, Pearl Underwood, Special. May 22, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole spoke to the Soeiety on "Russian Literature."

The Agora held its monthly meeting in Eloeution Hall, Saturday evening, May 16.

The following programme was presented :—

*a.* Impromptu Speeches.

1. Probable Outeome of the Eleventh National Nominating Convention of the Republican Party . . . . Mary Cross.
2. Present Status of the Cuban Rebellion . Eleanor Brooks.

*b.* The Tariff.

1. History of the Tariff to 1860 . . Ruth Goodwin.
2. History of the Tariff since 1860 . . Carrie Davis.
3. Debate: Resolved, That the Tariff on Imports should be Levied for Revenue Only . . . . . Mary Haskell. Frances Rousmaniere.

Miss Laughlin, '94, was present at the meeting.

At the meeting of the Agora, held in Eloeution Hall, June 10, Mabel Wall, '97, was received into the society.

After the initiation the following officers for the coming year were installed: Frances Rousmaniere, president; Caroline Davis, vice-president; Mary Cross, corresponding secretary; Louise Hutcheson, recording secretary; Elizabeth Seelman, treasurer; Miriam Hathaway, Mary North, Helen Pettee, executive committee; Mary Capen, sergeant-at-arms.

On Monday morning, June 22, the Agora gave a breakfast to its alumnæ members. Among the alumnæ present were Mrs. Schaper, '93, Carrie Mann, '93, Agnes Damon, '93, Gail Laughlin, '94, Florence Tobey, '94, Clara Benson, '95, Martha Waterman, '95, Arline Smith, '95, Sarah Weed, '95, Mary Prior, '95, Helen Bisbee, '95, Stella Osgood, '94, Edith Rhodes, '96. Mary Leavens, '97, came out later in the day.

The regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held on Saturday evening, May 2. The programme was as follows:—

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|---|---|
| Melrose, Abbotsford (paper) . . . | Miss Barker. |
| Readings from "The Abbott" . . . | Miss Morrow. |
| Readings from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" . . . . . | Miss Barker. |
| Scotch Songs . . . . . | Miss Morrow. |

The Society of Tau Zeta Epsilon held its regular meeting on Saturday evening, May 23. The subject considered was Edinburgh and Stirling: Their Places in English Art,—Maud Durrell, Elfie Graff.

A meeting of the society was also held on Saturday evening, June 6. The following programme was presented:—

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|---|---|
| The Lake Country as a setting for the Work of | |
| *a*. Scott . . . . . | Margaret Weed. |
| *b*. Burns . . . . . | Mary Lunt. |
| Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond in Poetry and Art . . . . . | Grace M. Dennison. |

On Friday, June 19, the following officers for the coming year were installed: Margaret Starr, '97, president; Warrene Piper, '97, vice president; Augusta Fordham, '98, recording secretary; Katherine Holmes, '97, corresponding secretary; Louise Barker, '98, treasurer; Amy Boutelle, '97, and Margaret Weed, '98, keepers.

On Monday morning, June 22, a breakfast was given for the alumnæ in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall. The Society was glad to welcome back many of its old members.

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held April 18. The programme was as follows :—

ROMAN CITY LIFE.

*a.* Symposium.
Latest News from Classic Lands.
Roman City Homes.
Rome at Night.

*b.* I. Discussion.
The Wealthy Classes . . . . Irene Kahn.
The City Poor . . . . . Doctor Webster.
II. The General Opinion at Rome of City Life . . . . . Estelle Roberts.

On the evening of May 23 the Classical Society invited a few of its friends to its open meeting in Stone Hall parlor. The subject was Roman Villa Life. The programme was as follows :—

*a.* Symposium.
Latest News from Classic Lands.
Some Roman Authors in their Country Homes.
Cicero . . . . . Marcia H. Smith.
Virgil . . . . . M. Edith Ames.
Horace . . . . . Julia D. Randall.

*b.* A Typical Roman Villa . . . Harriet W. Carter.
What the Romans Thought of Country Life . . . . . Mary E. Pierce.
Two Country Lyrics.
Catullus's "Peninsularium Sirmio" . Florence Hastings.
Horace's "Video ut Alta" . . Annie C. Barñard.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturday, May 2, Professor Marsh, of Harvard, lectured in the chapel. His subject was "The Present and Future of Poetry."

On Sunday, May 3, President Hyde, of Bowdoin, preached in the chapel. On the evening of the same day Miss D. E. Emerson spoke on the work done among the poor whites of the South.

On Monday afternoon, May 4, the French department gave a presentation of "Madame Patural," in the gymnasium. On the same evening the Beacon Quartette, of Boston, gave a concert in the chapel.

Friday, May 8, the Faculty were entertained in the Chemistry Building by Miss Roberts, Miss Woolley and Miss Wiggin. The hostesses presented a local adaptation of Maeterlinck's "Seven Princesses." Some of the students report the function as very entertaining.

On Saturday, May 9, Dr. Henderson lectured in the Current Topic course on Bismarck.

Sunday, May 10, the usual church service was conducted by Dr. Thomas, of Lynn, Mass.

Monday, May 11, Mr. Leland T. Powers gave a reading of "Lord Cholmondeley," more familiarly known as Lord Chumley.

Tuesday, May 12, Mr. Ward, of the Boston *Herald*, visited the College in a business capacity. The outcome of the visit appeared in a recent Sunday edition of the *Herald* in the form of an imaginative sketch of Wellesley. The same day President Walker, of the Institute of Technology, lectured before the history department on "The Rise of American Nationality." In the evening of this busy day Professor Dolbear, of Tufts, lectured in the chemistry lecture room on "Ether and Matter."

On Wednesday, May 13, a musicale was given at Fiske by Professor Hill and Mr. Wulf Fries.

At the Thursday evening prayer meeting Mr. Dwight L. Moody spoke.

On Sunday, May 17, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, preached at the usual hour.

On Monday, May 18, Zeta Alpha entertained her friends in Society

Hall and Elocution Hall. In the evening the Beethoven Society gave a concert in the chapel.

On Thursday evening, May 21, the Christian Association held its annual meeting for election of officers. The officers chosen were: President, Miss Cora N. Crosby; First Vice President, Mary Hamblet; Second Vice President and Chairman Missionary Committee, Dr. Cooley; Third Vice President, Ruth Goodwin; Fourth Vice President, Mary North; Corresponding Secretary, Mary Finlay; Recording Secretary, Frances Rousmaniere; Treasurer, Helen Davis; Chairman Reception Committee, Edith Ladd; Devotional Committee, Miss Chandler; Indian Committee, Eunice Smith; Village Committee, Miss Woolley.

On Friday evening, May 22, Zeta Alpha and her invited guests heard Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole speak on "Russian Literature."

On Saturday, May 23, Mr. E. P. Dutton, of Brookline, lectured in the Current Topic course on "The Duty of the College Woman to Primary Education." In the evening the Classical Society held its annual open meeting.

On Sunday, May 24, Rev. Rush Rhees, of the Newton Theological Seminary, preached. In the evening Miss Bertha Hazard, of Boston, spoke about the College Settlement, in the chapel. She answered very conclusively the ordinary objections to the work.

On Monday, May 25, Tau Zeta Epsilon gave a dance to her friends in the gymnasium.

On Tuesday evening, May 26, the Class of '97 elected as its senior president, Mary W. Dewson.

On Friday evening, May 29, came the spring concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. The concert was good, as it always is, and was highly appreciated.

On Saturday, May 30, the senior play was given before a large and enthusiastic audience. This occasion was the christening of the old barn, our new playhouse. The play was "The Love Chase," by Sheridan Knowles.

The parts were all excellently supported, and as a whole the play was thoroughly well given. The cast was as follows :—

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|---|---|
| Sir William Fondlove | Agnes Caldwell. |
| Waller | Edith Butler. |
| Wildrake | Clara Willis. |
| Trueworth | Frances Pullen. |
| Lash (Servant) | Belinda Bogardus. |
| Widow Green | Elva Young. |
| Constance | Charlotte Burnett. |
| Lydia | Mary Montgomery. |

On Sunday, May 31, Rev. Mr. Twombly, of Newton, preached.

On Monday, June 1, the juniors gave a dance to the sophomores in the barn. At first the floor offered certain difficulties to the enjoyment of the affair, but much dancing made a smooth floor, it seemed, or at least improved it. In the evening the students of the School of Music gave their annual concert.

On Saturday, June 6, President Irvine addressed the seniors who intend to teach. Her words were inspiring and helpful.

On Sunday, June 7, Dr. Mackenzie conducted the last communion service of the year.

On Tuesday, June 9, the examinations began.

The project of a Social Club, which has been under way for some time, has now come to fulfillment. Its constitution, after passing the Academic Council, was adopted by a mass meeting of the students. The new organization is to be known as the Barn Swallows. It will hold its meetings in the barn till the weather becomes too cold; then, as the barn is not heated, the Swallows will seek shelter in the somewhat cramped confines of the gymnasium. We have great hopes of the influence of our club. We believe that a year will show marked signs of its social effects in the College. At a meeting held Friday, June 12, the following officers were elected for 1896–97: President, Mary E. Haskell, '97; Vice President, Edna V. Patterson,

'98; Secretary, Maude E. McClary, '99; Treasurer, Ethelwyn Grenell, '98; Custodian, Rachel S. Hoge, '98.

On Sunday, June 14, Rev. Mr. Rousmaniere, of New Bedford, conducted the chapel service.

On Monday, June 15, the Shakespeare Society gave a presentation of Twelfth Night. Plans were laid to give the play on the banks of Longfellow, but these were frustrated by the disagreeable weather. The programme was given in the barn. By the kindness of the Shakespeare Society a large proportion of the College was present. The Mandolin Club acted as orchestra. All the details were in good dramatic form, from the curtain that rolled up smoothly to the realistic shrub and rustic seats of the garden scenery. The following were the *dramatis personæ*:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Orsino | Constance Emerson. |
| Sebastian | Flora A. Skinner. |
| Antonio | Helen M. Capron. |
| Valentine | Elizabeth Macmillan. |
| Curio | Louise Macdowell. |
| Sir Toby Beleh | Elizabeth Snyder. |
| Sir Andrew Agueeheek | Edna Patterson. |
| Malvolio | Geneva Crumb. |
| Fabian | Elizabeth Higgins. |
| Feste | Mary Malone. |
| Olivia | Elizabeth Adams. |
| Viola | Virginia Sherwood. |
| Maria | Cornelia Park. |

Priest, attendants, sailor, officer.

All the parts were well taken. Sebastian and Viola were both picturesque. Malvolio, the steward, was charmingly self-conscious, important, and absurd. Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Agueeheek were both very real and laughable. These last two parts were hard to sustain, and did credit to the actors. The whole presentation was appreciative and graceful, and met with the enthusiasm it merited.

## TREE DAY.

NINETY-SIX was as fortunate as senior classes usually have been in having fine weather for Tree Day. The sun shone brightly all through the day. The campus was fresh and green. Even the class trees looked unwontedly vigorous and flourishing, especially the spruce of '80, which during the night before had put forth cones of brilliant red. About two o'clock in the afternoon the classes began to make their appearance upon the green before College Hall. The alumnæ first presented themselves in cap and gown, with hoods of their class colors. The juniors came up the driveway, representing the return of Proserpine. Their president at the head was clad in the pale green robes of the goddess, and behind her followed the members of the class in the guise of snowdrops, daffodils, columbines, violets, apple blossoms, and other spring flowers. The sophomores appeared from around the corner of the building clothed as ideal domestic girls, and heralding the abolition of domestic work. The freshmen from another corner came dressed as children in short-waisted gowns with long, full, brightly colored skirts, and carrying their toys with them. Finally in solemn procession came the seniors in cap and gown. Their president gave a short address of welcome, and then announced that the guests would be conducted to another part of the grounds where the senior ceremonies would be held.

In a farther corner of the campus, under the trees, a structure of evergreen had been reared, and to the rows of seats and the bank in front of it the company was led. The "Masque of Ninety-six" was then presented.

PERSONS.

Ninety-six . . . . . S. Virginia Sherwood.
Guardian Spirit of Ninety-six . . Elizabeth Starbuck Adams.
Alma Mater . . . . . Elva Hulburd Young.
Spirit of Knowledge . . . Joanna Stoddard Parker.
Spirit of Aspiration . . . Emily Hunter Brown.
Spirit of Mirth . . . . Augusta Hunt Blanchard.
Porter (Examinations) . . . . Belinda Bogardus.
College Chorus and Spirits of Friendship, Hope, and Happiness; World Chorus and Spirits of Love, Service, Ambition, and Pleasure.

Ninety-six in her red gown looked through the evergreen gate of the "College Beautiful," and was attracted by the white blossoms within. She was deterred from entering at first by the allurements of the World Spirits, who danced and sang before her, but finally through the influence of her Guardian Spirit was led to knock at the gate. After presenting a number of papers to the Porter, whose red tape might well have daunted her, she was admitted, and was ushered to the presence of Alma Mater. Alma Mater welcomed Ninety-six and gave her to the charge of Knowledge, hidden behind a misty veil. Knowledge, however, by long admonitions, wearied her, whereupon the Guardian Spirit brought in cheery Mirth, who encouraged her and gave her over to Hope, Happiness, and Friendship. Aspiration now, with gentle words, led her back to Knowledge, whom, drawing back the veil, she revealed as Truth. Ninety-six was then led through the garden back to Alma Mater, who gave her cap and gown, and sent her forth with the College Spirits into the world.

This picturesque allegory of the seniors being concluded, the assembly was led by round-about ways to seats in another part of the campus around a slender horse-chestnut,—the freshman tree. The usual freshman exercises then followed: the freshman oration, by Jessie E. Wagner, '99; the presentation of the time-honored spade, by Edna V. Patterson, '98; the reception of the spade, by Clara W. Brown, '99; and the singing of the freshman song. The freshman class colors, green and white, their motto, "Steadfast," and their flower, narcissus, were announced. Then came the freshman dance. At first in little groups, then in great rings and long winding lines, their gay figures went dancing and whirling over the campus to the music of violins, playing their class song. The last run across the grass, with the bright draperies fluttering and blowing and the streamers flying, was as pretty a thing as even Tree Day has often seen. Finally the seniors departed to supper at Norumbega, and the others to dance in the gymnasium.

Just after dark the juniors, with odd white bundles under their arms, assembled in front of Mr. Crawford's house, and fifteen minutes later an imposing procession of taper-bearing ghosts disappeared into the west woods. There, under a starlit sky, with ceremonies supposed to be known to juniors only, Ninety-seven's forensics were ———.

The senior serenade later in the evening to each of the college buildings, fittingly closed the day.

## FLOAT.

The Class of '96 is to be congratulated upon one of the most successful Floats which Wellesley has yet beheld. The crowd was well handled. The ceremonies went off smoothly, without a jar. Several pleasant innovations were introduced into the evening's programme.

The weather was all that could be wished,—clear and still, with a bright moon. By six o'clock, the time of the close of the collation in College Hall, the broad verandas of the boathouse and the whole lake shore at the head of the boathouse cove were closely filled with students and guests. The Germania Band of Boston was stationed near the water, and played at intervals throughout the evening. Quite promptly at half past six the crews were seen putting out from the boathouse, welcomed, of course, by hearty and uproarious cheers from the shore. This cheering, however, was better managed than it usually has been, since each college class had been given beforehand a certain section of the bank along the lake to occupy. Consequently shouts for '96 came mainly from one particular corner, for '97 from another corner, and there was less tumultuous and indiscriminate yelling than there has been for some years.

The crews displayed themselves in turn, all looking well, and doing some good rowing. The sophomores were especially fresh, clad in their new dark-blue sweaters adorned with '98 in white figures. Somewhat after seven o'clock the customary star was formed for singing. The electric light was turned full on the cluster of boats, so that it stood out clearly in the midst of the gathering dusk. At the same time gay paper lanterns were lighted among the trees along the shore. Rockets and many-colored fireworks were sent up from the opposite bank. The programme of songs upon the water was rather short, but the singing vigorous and good. The crew sang, "Lake of Gray," "Where, Oh, Where," and other standard favorites which were received with applause. "To Alma Mater" closed the list, and the star of boats broke up. Then came various boating maneuvers and exhibitions of skill, and finally appeared the "'varsity crew," made up of girls selected from the different class crews. By half past nine the festivities were over. Long lines of dark figures crossed the campus for the station. Troops of light-gowned students betook themselves to their respective dwellings. The Float of '96 was finished. May '97's be as good!

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

### CLASS SUPPER.

The Class of '96 held its class supper at Woodland Park Hotel, Auburndale, on Thursday evening, June 18. The class history was given by Miss Lucy Mott and Miss Anna Witherle. Miss Joanna Parker presided as toastmistress. The following toasts were responded to :—

"The Era of the Reformation" . . . Eva Loudon.

"Great changes and new manners have occurred,
And blest reforms."

"Our President" . . . . . Sarah Hadley.

"Naught is denied her: mind alert, intent;
Eyes that look deep into the heart of things;
A skillful hand to shape; a firm will bent
On purposes that have not petty ends."

"The Facultie" . . . . . Mary Woodin.

"They that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks."

"At Wellesley" . . . . . Cora Stoddard.

"A book! Oh, rare one!"

"Resignation" . . . . . Annie Tuell.

"There comes
Forever something between us and what
We deem our happiness."

"Our Ain Sels" . . . . . Charlotte Burnett.

"Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
Their only luxury was doing good."

"Other Arrangements" . . . . Cornelia Park.

"Alma Mater" . . . . . Elva Young.

"But you, O, you,
So perfect and so peerless are created,
Of every creature best!"

The festivities of the evening came to an end with the prophecy, given by Miss Evangeline Kendall and Miss Isabella Fiske.

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

On Saturday evening, June 20, Mrs. Irvine received the seniors and their guests in Stone Hall parlor. Miss Stratton received with the President. The weather was close and sultry, but clear; and after the reception many groups of alumnæ and guests wandered about the grounds in the dusk and sang our favorite Wellesley songs.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

Sunday, June 21, was very warm, but fair. Guests and relatives began early to fill the chapel. Dr. Henry J. Vandyke, of New York City, was the preacher for the day. He wore his Geneva gown and his doctor's hood with the Princeton orange and black. Dr. Vandyke took as his text, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Christianity, he said, taught not equality, but fraternity. We, as educated people, have advantages over others less fortunate. But our blessing becomes a curse unless it is used for others. We are sacredly bound to use our trained lives for the life of the world. The preacher appealed to his audience as fellow-warriors for the right in the life battle. Nothing too strong can be said of the vigorous, uplifting, and inspiring tone of this Baccalaureate sermon.

The special vesper service in the evening was given by the Beethoven Society, under Professor Hill's direction. Miss Marie T. Nichols, violinist, and Miss Alice Clement, soprano, assisted. The programme was as follows :—

PRELUDE. Romanza in F (Violin and Organ) . . . . . Ries.
CHORUS. "When Evening's Twilight" . . . . . Hatton.
READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.
PRAYER.
DUET AND CHORUS. "I waited for the Lord" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
SOPRANO SOLO. "Alleluia" . . . . . Massenet.
MISS BATTISON.
HYMN. "I'm a Pilgrim; I'm a Stranger" . . . . . Marston.
VIOLIN AND ORGAN. "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc" . . . . Gounod.
DUET. "By Babylon's Waters" . . . . . Smart.
SOPRANO SOLO. "Fear not ye, O Israel" . . . . . Buck.
MISS CLEMENT.
DUET AND CHORUS. "Sweet the Angelus is Ringing" . . Smart.
CHORUS. "The Lost Chord" . . . . . Sullivan.
CHORUS. "Protect us through the coming night" . . . Curschmann.
ORGAN POSTLUDE. "Thanks be to God" ("Elijah") . . Mendelssohn.

PROF. JUNIUS W. HILL, Organist and Director.

Monday, June 22. In the afternoon the Glee Club gave their annual concert on the banks of Longfellow. The guests and students crowded the north side of the banks, and the little group of the singers stood on the slope opposite. The selections were given by request, and were as follows:—

1. (*a*) College Beautiful.
   (*b*) Model College Girl.
2. (*a*) Spinn! Spinn!
   (*b*) Absence.
   Warble by Miss Baker.
3. (*a*) Lullaby.
   (*b*) Swanee River.
   Solo by Miss Hoyt.
4. (*a*) Proposed.
   (*b*) In Wellesley.
   Words by Miss Hefferan, '96.
   Solo by Miss Scott.
5. (*a*) 'Neath the Oaks of our Old Wellesley.
   (*b*) Medley.

After the concert many of the guests and alumnæ were entertained at supper on Norumbega lawn. The regular Commencement concert in the chapel was given later in the evening by the Germania Orchestra, of Boston. The programme was decidedly popular, and very happily selected. It was as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Overture, "Turandot" | Lachner. |
| Serenade, "Enfantine" | Bournand. |
| Concert Waltz, "Wiener Bon Bon" | Strauss. |
| Two Movements, from Suite "Ancien" | Vieuxtemps. |
| (*a*) Air. | |
| (*b*) Gavotte. | |
| Selections from "Aida" | Verdi. |
| Cavatina | Böhm. |
| Ballet Music, from "Coppelia" | Delibes. |
| Slavonian Dance | Dvorak. |
| Concert Mazurka, "Nachtschatten" | Strauss. |
| Grand March, from "La Reine de Saba" | Gounod. |

## COMMENCEMENT DAY.

JUNE 23 was an ideal Commencement Day, with a high-mountain clearness in the air and a fresh breeze blowing. The exercises began at three o'clock with an organ prelude by Professor Hill,—Spohr's Adagio Concertante. The responsive reading in Latin of the Fifteenth Psalm followed, and prayer was offered by Dr. Mackenzie, of the Board of Trustees. The Beethoven Society then sang Hawley's "Spring Song."

The Commencement address was given by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard. His subject was "The True American." It was a broadly practical address, without special collegiate flavor, pointing out the well-lived, everyday life as the life of the true patriot.

After the address the Beethoven Society sang Strauss's "Wooing of the Rose." President Irvine then conferred the degrees. There were seven Master's degrees and one hundred and seventeen Bachelor's degrees. After another chorus by the Beethoven Society the benediction was pronounced, and to the music of an organ postlude the procession of trustees, guests, officers, and alumnæ then passed out of the chapel.

The Commencement Dinner was served in the dining room, immediately after the exercises in the chapel. Mrs. Irvine presided, and after the dinner greeted the guests in the name of the College. She then introduced Dr. Mackenzie, who spoke for the Board of Trustees. In the course of his speech he rehearsed the progress of the College. Professor Hart spoke next, representing the guests from other colleges. He attributed to Wellesley the possession in a high degree of "university spirit," the spirit of spontaneous, scholarly work with an instructor, not under a master. Mrs. Adaline Thompson, an alumna trustee, now re-elected, spoke for the alumnæ in a bright and graceful address. Miss McKee, president of Western College, Oxford, Ohio, spoke as a student, alumna, and college president. She pledged the loyalty of her Class of '86 to the College, and claimed that the new and the old Wellesley are the same. Miss Calkins, of the Faculty, spoke in their name, and enumerated some of the pleasures and advantages of faculty life. Between the speeches the Glee Club sang, giving at the end "'Neath the Oaks of Our Old Wellesley." As the company passed out of the dining room the whole assembly broke spontaneously into the Wellesley cheer.

The guests and students spread at once all over the campus. As twilight came on colored lamps were lighted among the trees, and many groups of light-gowned students and outside friends made the scene unusually picturesque. The reception by the Faculty began at eight o'clock, and filled College Hall with gay crowds.

Afterwards, for the last time, '96 went serenading all over the campus. The moonlight made even familiar Wellesley look strange and new. The same old songs sounded richer and sweeter than ever before. At last, long after midnight, the mellow notes of "'Neath the Oaks" rose and died away again. Commencement Day was over.

## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Chicago Wellesley Club met May 23 in the Le Moyne Building. Miss Marion Talbot, of the University of Chicago, spoke of the Growth of Higher Education for Women, dwelling on the Wellesley of the past and of the present. Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson spoke for a few minutes as Alumnæ Trustee. Mrs. Helen Campbell Jewett, '84, acted as chairman of the meeting.

The Northfield Wellesley Club met at the Revell, Northfield Seminary, Saturday afternoon, May 30. The meeting was informal and social in character. Eighteen members and guests were present, among whom were Miss Annie S. Montague, '79, of Wellesley, and Miss Amelia Hall, '84, of the Walnut Hill School.

The Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the C. S. A. met Commencement morning at 9.30, the second vice elector, Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, presiding. Miss Juliet Wall, '91, acted as secretary in the absence of Miss Curtis. Miss Helena S. Dudley, of Denison House, made the address. The work of the chapter is shown in the increase of subscriptions,—'93–94, $417; '94–95, $628; '95–96 (to June 10), $812.50,—as well as in great increase in interest in, and knowledge of, settlements amongst the alumnæ.

Miss Catherine Burrowes, '87, is visiting Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89.

May 22, Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, served afternoon tea and told the Chicago members of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the C. S. A., and told them of the recent changes in the three settlements of the Association.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held Wednesday morning, June 24. The minutes were read and approved, and the usual business followed. The treasurer reported a balance in the treasury, but urged strongly that the members of the Association be more careful in paying their subscriptions, in order to increase largely the amount. The committee on registry reported the publication of an annual register, which had been mailed to all the alumnæ. Those who had not paid for it were requested to do so at once. The finance committee reported on the Shafer Memorial Fund, and recommended the establishment of a Helen A. Shafer Memorial Fellowship for graduate study. This recommendation was adopted, and a committee appointed for the work. It was proposed that the constitution be amended to request an annual subscription instead of a triennial subscription of one dollar. The committee on alumnæ trustees reported the re-election of Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, and that she would take her seat at the next meeting of the trustees. Mrs. Thompson moved that in case of a vacancy in the number of alumnæ trustees a new election should be made. This motion was carried. It was urged that great care be taken to preserve the beauties of the college grounds and buildings.

It was decided to form a publication list of the alumnæ, containing the names of those who, by paying twenty-five cents annually, should receive all official publications of the College. Miss Helen Kelsey, '95, was elected alumnæ editor of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE. The Association voted to concur with the undergraduates in their action reducing the size of the college pin. The election of officers for 1896–97 resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, '89; Vice President, Mrs. Edith White Norton, '93; Corresponding Secretary, Margaret Wrenn Banes, '91; Treasurer, Miss Anna Palen, '88.

Prof. Elizabeth Denio sailed with a party for Europe, June 29. Miss Emma Fitz, '75–80, Miss Gertrude Carter, '96, Miss Frances Carpenter, '97, are in the party. Address for the summer, care Brown, Shipley & Co.,

Founder's Court, London, Eng. Miss Denio expects to spend two years in study at German universities.

Alice Edwards Emerson, of Ithaca, N. Y., a former teacher at Wellesley, visited the College the last of May.

Miss Clementine C. Bacheler, '80, was engaged to give a course of lectures at Chautauqua this summer, June 29 to July 3, on Indian and Persian poetry.

The new address for Dr. Marion Marsh, '80, is 223 East Ferry Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, '81, after her long term of most able and devoted service as College Secretary, and her year of study and travel abroad, has accepted the Principalship of Kent Place Preparatory School, in Summit, New Jersey. Miss Annie Woodman, '89, will be associated with her in the school.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Scoville Devan, '83, has purchased Miss Aiken's Girls' School, Stamford, Conn. Miss Jessie Van Vliet, '85, will teach in this school next year.

Miss Charlotte Conant, '84, and Miss Martha Conant, '90, are planning a delightful trip to the Yellowstone this summer. They go by way of the Lakes, and expect to spend two weeks at Mackinac before returning to Natick.

Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, has served again during the past winter as chairman of the Literature Committee of the Somerville Heptorean Club, and as president of the Somerville Hillside Club.

The Class of '86 held its tenth anniversary at the College during Commencement time.

Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles, Mus. '86, and Miss Flora Smeallie, '87, sang in the chapel Commencement evening.

Miss Ada G. Wing, '86, received the M.A. degree from Brown University this June.

The engagement of Miss Flora Smeallie to Mr. Frank Ward, of Binghamton, N. Y., is announced.

Miss Harriet Winfield, '87, took the M.A. degree at Columbia University this month.

Miss Harriet Constantine, '89, will spend the summer traveling in England, Scotland, Holland, and Belgium. Address for the summer, care Thomas Meadows & Co., 35 Milk Street, London, Eng.

Miss Caroline Fletcher, '89, returns to Wellesley next year as instructor in the Latin department.

Miss Eleanor Gamble, '89, has just been appointed to the Fellowship of Philosophy at Cornell.

Miss Katharine Lane sailed for Europe June 27.

Miss Alice Libbey, '89, is to teach at Northfield next year.

Miss Ethel Paton, '89, and Miss Martha Conant, '90, are to teach at St. Margaret's, Waterbury, Conn., next year.

Miss Isabelle Stone, '89, took her B.S. and M.S. degrees from the University of Chicago this June. Miss Harriet Stone, '88, took her B.S.

Mrs. Jessie Cable Morse, Mus. '89, will spend the summer at Mackinac Island, Michigan.

Miss Sadie McNary, '90, is to teach at Vassar next year.

### NINETY-ONE QUINTENNIAL.

With all the rest, '91 is back again at the College Beautiful, again 'neath the oaks, again on dimpled Waban, again gathered around the lusty little birch. We have been in the wide, wide world for five years,—five years of sunshine and storm, of smiles and tears,—and who would guess it! We dreamed it was a dream, as we sat around the tables in the boathouse Monday night, and we played we were freshmen again, with our '88 seniors for ideals; or sophomores breaking up '92 class meetings with showers of Pillsbury's Best and the clangorous tones of the many-tongued alarm-clock; or juniors at our Prom. with our thousands of twinkling lanterns striving in vain to eclipse the witching light of the moon; or seniors in our silken gowns

and new-found dignity. And all the time we were dreaming and playing, we were earnestly ministering to the wants of our material alumnæ bodies. In the midst of our tortoni and black coffee, Myrtilla Avery, the toast-mistress, arose and introduced the speakers of the afternoon. Alice Clement brought us "Letters from Abroad,"—a beautiful message, throbbing with devotion to Ninety-one and loyalty to Alma Mater from Bertha Palmer, leagues across the sea; a bundle of love from Bertha Lebus, leagues across the continent; a rapturous hug from Theo Kyle; and words of hearty greeting from Emogene Hazeltine, Sally Roberts, and Marion Parker Perrin. Elizabeth Blakeslee Tracy was called upon next to respond to the toast, "The Class Boy," and he was there, beautiful baby boy, silver porringer and all. She urged upon us the beauty and wealth of a loved and loving heart, and told us all to marry—just as if! "Æsthetic Cultivation at Wellesley To-day," was responded to by Marion W. Perrin. She suggested that the walk through the daisy field, which has torn so many hearts, might be turned into a very beautiful wooded avenue if each class would plant either side of it a dozen or more fine trees. In her own dainty way, Effie Banta discussed the "Wellesley Short Stories," or, rather, was down on the toast rack for that discussion, but she broadened her subject into a general survey of the atmosphere of the short story. Secretly, we believe she hadn't read the Wellesley volumes, but she spoke wisely and well. Mary Elizabeth Wardwell, under "'91 Particularities," told us all about our teachers, graduate students, housekeepers, engagees, brides, and babies; then, in exquisite words, she spoke of the life and death of our Mariana Blood.

It wasn't so much what we said that made the afternoon so happy, it was the way we felt. The little quotation at the bottom of the menu card expressed it just right: "Nobody ever told me that it is only what cannot be said that makes life worth while." With a hearty cheer for the committee, Alice Clement, Juliet Wall, and Minnie Morss, for Alma Mater, and for us, with a song from Alice and a two-step all around, we said good-by until '98.

M. W. P.

Miss Myrtilla Avery, '91, and Miss Nan Pond, '93, received the degree B.L.S., at the New York State Library School, in June, '96.

Miss Laura Batt, Miss Rachel Hartwell, and Miss Theo Kyle, all of

'91, sailed for Europe, June 20. The engagement of Miss Theo Kyle to Mr. Chace of Boston, is announced.

Miss Cora Perrine, '91, visited the College the first week in June.

Miss Ellen Ware Fiske, '92, tendered a luncheon, June 22, to the members of her class who were at Wellesley. Those present were Clara Burt, Janet Davidson, Martha Goddard, Maude R. Keller, Frances Lance, Geraldine Longley, Elizabeth Mayse, Isabel Morgan, Ella Penniman.

Miss Agnes S. Holbrook, '92, holds an appointment as assistant in English at Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Miss Holbrook's courses are in Homer, Vergil, and Dante, studied from translations.

Professor Mall and Mrs. Mabel Glover Mall, '92, have sailed for London, where they were to meet Miss Ethel Glover, '90. The party plan to spend July and August on the Continent, returning in time for Dr. Mall to resume his work at Johns Hopkins, and Miss Glover to resume work at Chicago University.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Mayse, '92, to Mr. Jesse Eastman Christy, of Chicago, is announced.

Mrs. Ruth Strong Raven, '92, will spend the month of August in Wellesley.

Miss Anna Winegar and Miss Florence Myrick, '92, plan to spend the summer together in Venice.

Miss Kate Morgan Ward, '92, spent several days in Wellesley before Commencement.

Miss Gertrude Bigelow, '93, sailed for Liverpool, June 29, and will spend the summer in travel.

Miss Marion Bradbury, '93, has recovered from a four months' illness.

Miss Antoinette Bigelow, '93, will spend the summer in England and Scotland.

There has been a reunion of the Class of '93 at the College. No report has come to the Magazine.

Miss Julia Reid, '93, is traveling with her mother on the Continent.

Miss Lemer, '93, expects on her return from Europe to go to Denver, Col., as a teacher at Wolfe Hall, an Episcopal Church School.

Miss Josephine Simrall will spend July at Pigeon Cove, with Miss Marion Mitchell, '94.

Miss Grace Dewey has been seriously ill in Gambier, Ohio, where she has been teaching in Harcourt Seminary.

Mrs. Edith White Norton, '93, is visiting at the summer home of her husband's family in Ashfield, Mass.

Miss Harriet Chapman, '93, was graduated from the Cleveland Medical School last winter, and is now traveling in Europe. She will spend the autumn and winter in Germany, studying to prepare herself further for her life work.

Miss Lila Foster, '93, has been studying French and music in a Catholic Convent.

Miss Julia Greene, '93, has been studying medicine at the Boston University, where she is to take a three years' course.

Miss Mary Barker, '93, has opened a school in Pittsfield, Mass., which promises to be a success and has already ten scholars.

Miss Alice Maria Kneen is the second member of the Class of '93 to win the Master of Art's degree. Miss Mary McPherson, now Mrs. Schaper, was the first to gain that coveted honor.

Miss Louise Brown, '93, has been teaching in the Albany Preparatory School, and is spending the summer in the Adirondacks.

Miss Florence Hoopes and Miss Elinor Ruddle, both of '93, spent some weeks of May and June in Boston, and visited Miss Maude R. Keller, '92, for a few days in Wellesley.

Miss Alice Hamlin, '93, Ph.D., Cornell, '96, goes to Mount Holyoke next year.

Miss May Lemer and Miss Elizabeth White, '93, travel in Europe during the summer.

Miss Marion Mitchell, '93, has recovered from a serious illness.

Mrs. Mary McPherson Schaper, '93, has been spending the past year at Michigan University. On June 25 she and Dr. Schaper sailed for Germany for the summer vacation. Mrs. Schaper will make her home in one of the Boston suburbs.

Miss Lydia O. Pennington, '93, was in Wellesley the greater part of June.

The engagement is announced of Katharine May Winton, '93, to Dr. Gilbert D. Murray.

Miss Isabel Campbell, '94, has recently visited her classmates, Julia Buffington and Grace Coombs, and the College, the first week of June.

Miss Catherine Collins, '94, has been spending the spring in Colorado Springs.

Miss Alice W. Kellogg, '94, sailed for London, June 6, where she spent two weeks before going on to South Africa.

Miss Gail Laughlin, '94, will soon go to Ithaca, N. Y., to study law in Cornell University.

Miss Helen Foss, '94, spent a week in June at the Philadelphia Settlement, in the absence of the assistant head worker, looking after the housekeeping, the coffee-house accounts, etc. She has also been helping with the summer excursions.

Miss May Douglas Newcomb, '94, is to teach in Miss Rice's Collegiate School next year.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, President National Women's Republican League, Miss Gail Laughlin, '94, author of a prize essay on the Tariff, President Francis A. Walker, of the Institute of Technology, Hon. Albert Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club, and Rev. A. A. Berle, were the speakers at the annual ladies' night of the Chickatawbut Club, on Wednesday evening, April 29, at Young's Hotel. As Lucy

Stone remarked, when a guest of this club a few years ago, the presence and speech of women as honored guests of a political club mark an era in the progress of the movement for women's enfranchisement.

Miss Maud Thompson, '94, has left Boston for her father's home in New York.

Miss Mabel Keller, Mus. '94, has been traveling in Mexico for the past month. She visited Miss Edna Johnson, '87–89, in Saltillo, Mex., and Miss Annette M. Bartlett, '94–95, in the city of Mexico. She will return to her home in Wellesley after visiting El Paso, Denver, Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak.

June 4, 1896.

Whereas, our Father in Heaven has called to himself our well-loved classmate and faithful friend, Caroline Whiteley Jacobus, be it

*Resolved:* That we, the Class of '95, hereby express the grief we feel for our loss, and offer our heartfelt sympathy to her mother, her kindred, and her friends in their sorrow.

*Resolved:* That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Wellesley Magazine for publication.

Signed,

Elizabeth H. Peale.
E. Christy Brooks.
Edith L. R. Jones.

Miss Louise Taylor, '96, has an appointment in the Natural History work at Woods Holl.

The following is a list of the alumnæ who were back to Tree Day: Annie S. Montague, '79; Charlotte F. Roberts, Mrs. Helen Womersley Norcross, '80; Mary C. Walker, '83; Florence Bigelow, Charlotte Conant, Amelia A. Hall, Helen J. Sanborn, Ellen A. Vinton, '84; Alice M. Allen, Eliza H. Kendrick, Mary C. Wiggin, '85; Helen A. Merrill, Ellen F. Pendleton, Ada G. Wing, '86; Charlotte Keith Averill, Clara M. Keefe, Edith A. True, Alice Vant George, '87; Elizabeth Abbe, Mary L. Bean, Mary R. Gilman, Mary L. Sawyer, '88; Caroline Fletcher, Katharine J. Lane, Ethel Paton, '89; Alice C. Baldwin, Mary Barrows, Anne Burgess, Jane Free-

man, Charlotte Greenbank, Josephine Holley, Bessie C. Kingsley, Anna M. Linscott, '90; Alice Clement, Grace Cummings, Lizzie Lee Jones, Minnie M. Morss, Ellen Juliet Wall, '91; Blanche Clay, Florence Converse, Maude Keller, Frances Lance, Eva Warfield, May Webber, '92; Helen M. Eager, Florence Hoopes, Maria Kneen, Mary Larned, Edna Pressey, Emmeline Bennett, Gertrude Coolidge, Elinor Ruddle, Alice Reed, Alice Jones Shedd with class baby, Ida E. Woods, '93; Grace Albee, Harriet Blake, Ruby Bridgeman, Adeline L. Bonney, Isabel Campbell, Grace Coombs, Florence W. Davis, Mary W. Holmes, Gail Laughlin, Caroline Peek, Lillian Quinby, Roxana Vivian, '94; Florence M. Barnefield, Edith Boardman, Jenny S. Briggs, E. Christy Brooks, Sarah Capps, Lillian F. Curtis, Mary Chapin Bowen, Grace M. Denison, Frances E. Hildreth, Alice Hunt, Cornelia Huntington, Edith L. R. Jones, Helen Kelsey, Mabel Lees, Kate Nelson, Elizabeth Peale, Ethel Rogers, Elizabeth Stark, Mabel Wellman, May Belle Willis, Edith Sawyer, Mus. '95.

The regular meeting of the College Settlements Association was held in New York, May 2, 1896. The following officers were elected: Miss Susan Walker, Bryn Mawr, President; Miss Vida D. Scudder, Smith, Vice President; Miss Caroline L. Williamson, Wellesley, Secretary; Miss Cornelia Warren, Treasurer; Miss Laura J. Wylie, Vassar, Fifth Member.

Miss Scudder spent June 6–19 at the Settlement.

Misses Wetmore and Munger sang for the Thursday evening party, June 18.

Miss Keller, '92, entertained her literature class at the Wellesley Float. Misses Blake, Wardwell, and Wall, '91, of the Settlement, also attended the Float.

Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, spent the first week in June at the Settlement. Miss Hathaway has taken a position as teacher in one of the Boston schools for next year, and hopes to be connected through club work at least with Denison House.

Miss Ella Bray, '90, who is teaching at Weymouth, has been a resident since the middle of May. Miss Bray has been able to give two evenings a week to a class of Russian girls, studying arithmetic and English.

Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, Misses Cummings, Perrine, and Wardwell, '91, and Miss Pennington, '93, have been guests of Miss Wall at different times this spring.

The closing meetings of the classes have been occasions of considerable interest to those in any way connected with the Settlement. On May 16 formal closing exercises of the classes in Travel, Literature, English, were held. Summaries of the year's work were given by Misses Scudder, Dudley, and the various teachers in charge. Certificates of regular attendance were awarded thirty-six members. Music, reading, and refreshments completed the evening's programme. Sixty people, including friends, residents, and students, were present.

The open meeting of the Denison Debating Club, in charge of Miss Wall, was held May 20. Fifteen boys of the ages fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen compose this club, and have for their object the discussion of questions of civic and general purport. The subject for consideration at the open meeting was the City Ownership of the Street Railways. Recitations, music, reading, and short addresses by Miss Dudley and others, followed the debate.

Picnics and outings have been planned for the various clubs during the spring. Memorial Day sixty children were invited to Newton Centre by the Young People's Society of the Unitarian Church, of which Miss Clement, '91, is an active member.

The Fortnightly Club, chaperoned by Misses Bartlett and Wall, were entertained at Brookline one Friday evening recently, and at Wellesley, May 30.

The annual Wellesley picnic for Denison House Club Children, was held on the College grounds June 26. Miss Dennison, of Freeman Cottage, had charge of the lunch.

The Flower work for the summer will be carried on as during past years, and without the interruption, it is hoped, necessary to other phases of Settlement work due to repairs which are to be made in August. It is earnestly desired that college girls living in Boston or vicinity will volunteer services for this special work.

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Every Saturday there is an emigration from Rivington Street to the parks and suburbs. The children thoroughly enjoy these excursions; but they are looking forward to even more glorious times during their two weeks in the country. The Settlement is to have a new summer home this year. Miss Billings, Treasurer of the New York Settlement, has provided and largely furnished a house on a farm at Mount Ivy, New York. The first party is to go up on July 6. Residents are wanted in August; can't you go? Miss Helen Foss, '94, stopped at the New York Settlement on her way home from Wellesley.

## MARRIAGES.

Burbank–Arnold.—June 25, 1896, Miss Alice Arnold, '91, to Colonel Burbank, of Fort Plain, New York.

Hearning–Hartwell.—In Xenia, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1896, Miss Lucy Hartwell, '93, to Mr. John Harris Hearning. At home, in Eveleth, Minn.

Schaper–McPherson.—June 17, 1896, Miss Mary McPherson, '93, to Dr. Alfred Schaper of the Harvard Medical School.

Spooner–Main.—June 11, 1896, Miss Susie Main, Sp., '92–'93, to Mr. Charles P. Spooner.

Stevenson–Hardin.—In Washington, D. C., on June 2, Miss Julia I. Stevenson, Sp., '93, to Rev. Martin D. Hardin, of Danville, Kentucky.

## BIRTHS.

March 26, 1896, at Ticonderoga, N. Y., a son to Mrs. Frances Stewart De Mott.

## DEATHS.

At Waldoboro, Me., March 31, 1896, Miss Lizzie Austin, '81.

May 30, 1895, Mrs. J. K. Hayward, mother of Emmeline Place Hayward, '90.

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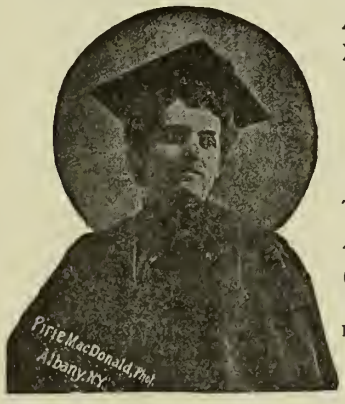


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